THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reap'ng and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thri'ling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the si'ence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

—*Wordsworth.*

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND;

OR,

THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

CHAPTER V.

WYTHAM COURT.—AMY.

Philip Coniston recovered perfectly from his illness, before the summer. His injured limb became quite as strong as before the accident, but unfortunately there had been a slight contraction of the cords, which rendered it a little shorter than the other. He walked with a scarcely perceptible limp, sufficiently annoying to him at first, but to which he gradually became accustomed; if not wholly reconciled.

As soon as he found himself able to take his old walks to Woolham, and resume his rambles with his tutor, he wrote to Vesta Lancaster, knowing that she would be glad to hear that he was about again. He told her that he was quite well, strong and sound once more—that he felt none the worse for his fall—that he would dare as much and greater things for his fair cousin, could he have the opportunity;—and more of boyish gallantry and sentiment, which the little maid at least, thought very brave and beautiful—and said so, heartily, in her reply.

It is hardly necessary to say that in his letter, Philip omitted to mention the slight inequality in his gait, the awkward reminder of his cousin which was to abide with him through life. He verily believed that he was doing a noble, knightly thing in withholding this bit of unpleasant truth, and if ingenuousness were not the essence of all nobility, I should think so too.

In the autumn of this year, Philip entered Baliol College, Oxford. Hubert Coniston, it was found, was not yet prepared, and, in fact, did not enter the University till two years later.

With Philip's college life we have little to do. In mathematics he made no mark, but in classical literature and English poetry he somewhat distinguished himself, and might have taken the highest honors, but for the more fascinating and engrossing art-studies, which he secretly pursued throughout his collegiate course, with passionate ardor. The time which other Oxonians gave to recreations, boatings, cricketing, leaping, manly exercises as needful and noble as study, he devoted to art, the imperious, inexorable goddess who ruled his soul—pouring out upon her altar his youthful strength, vitality and enthusiasm, like the blood of his heart—not with shrinking, or regret, but with eager joy and utter content. He allowed himself no simple recreation, none of that seemingly idle relaxation, the fallow season of the mind, in which it repairs its wasted energies, and nurses its undeveloped powers. If he rambled, or boated, it was ever in ardent search of the picturesque, pencil in hand, and portfolio under the arm. After its daily fencings with the brilliant and evasive Greeks, and its wrestlings with the muscular old Latins, he gave his spent brain no pure, healthful rest, but allowed it to intoxicate itself with gorgeous sunsets, with marvellous effects of clouds and moonlight, and to overtax itself by reproducing, combining and harmonizing the lovely scenery, which thus became to him a field of exhaustive labor, not a region of refreshment and delight.

Young amateur-like, he saw in the most beautiful landscape, in stream, rock, lake, woodland, and blue embracing sky, not complete, wondrous, soul-satisfying pictures, stamped with the incontestable *Deus fecit* of the supreme artist, but only the stuff out of which infinitely inferior pictures must be made.

The intensity of this double student-life—of filial constancy to his *Alma Mater*—of lover-like devotion to his mistress, Art—the unrelieved toil, the keen, wild pleasure—all wore upon him like a secret, consuming fever, whose effects were at last manifest in wan cheeks and sunken eyes, and a general languor and fragility of appearance more poetic than manly—which, as early as the period of his first long vacation, excited the solicitude of his kind Uncle Hugh.

When Philip received his uncle's invitation to Wytham Court, he replied with thanks, consenting to take Keswick on his way to Woolham, and to tarry perhaps a fortnight. "Beyond that time," he wrote, "I cannot consent to stay, much as I love your society, dear Uncle Hugh. I have now been away from home, which you know, means my mother—longer than ever before, and I am not ashamed to own that I am heartily home-sick. I count the days, almost the hours, which separate me from the best, the tenderest, and dearest of mothers. I am sure you will hold me excused and understand me, for I believe that no true man ever forgets the love that underlies all loves, the duty which is the heart's first instinctive religion."

To this Hugh Coniston responded—

"You are a *good boy*—I know you have too much sense to resent the expression, *malgré*, the dusky down on lip and chin, heralding that momentous 'coming event' of young manhood, which 'casts its shadow before,' a shadow often mistaken for the substance. Resent the expression! You should rejoice that you are not beyond the possibility of its fitting you. Ah, through what a long succession of toilsome years, through what seasons of struggle, of despondency—through what clouds, through what tears, I look back to the time when, if I had deserved it, that term might have been applied to me.

"Well, where was I? Oh, I was going to say I like you all the better for preferring your mother to all the world, your tiresome old uncle included. I was but a little lad when my mother died. They said I was her favorite—I do not know—she was certainly very tender toward me, exquisitely tender. I think she tried to make up in love and care for my want of fortune and position—for my doleful younger-son ship. I received her last blessing, her last kiss, and felt, even then, richer than my elder brother, the proud heir to the title and estates. And I will tell you a secret—I have never ceased to miss her and mourn her, and the older I grow, the more heartily home-sick I get. Another thing I will own—I can never read those simple lines of Cowper, on his 'Mother's Picture,' without weeping like a child. Yet I read the poem oftener than any other in the language, and I bless the tears while they blind and scald my old eyes, for they prove that the boy's heart is yet alive and sound in this gnarled and leafless trunk of me.

"So, my dear boy, I promise you that, if after having been with us a fortnight, or even a week, you feel too strongly drawn to Woolham to be contented and comfortable, you shall go, with a God-speed from me. But my private opinion, after all said, is that you will find 'metal more attractive' at Wytham Court than can be found at Coniston Hall, or anywhere in the region round about. We shall see what we *shall* see."

The enigmatical ending of this letter puzzled Philip not a little, but he obtained no solution to the mysterious paragraph till after he reached Wytham Court.

He arrived earlier than he was expected, and his uncle was not at home to receive him. Being weary and somewhat travel-soiled, he desired to be shown at once to his room.

He was glad to find a wood-fire blazing on the hearth, and filling with its cheery warmth and brightness, and a pleasant, aromatic odor, the elegant, but simple and home-like chamber. He had been somewhat chilled both by a rainy day, and the unexpected magnificence of his uncle a residence—he could not resist the genial overtures of the sparkling, crackling blaze, but flung himself, as he was, into an arm-chair before it, and gave himself up, body and spirit, to its cheering ministrations.

While Philip sat thus, delivering his willing senses to the spells of the tamed fire-elf, the Salamandrine of household comfort, feeling the day's fatigue and that strange chill of poverty and loneliness which had fallen upon him as he entered the gates of Wytham Court, being momently charmed out of him, he heard a gentle tap at his door. Thinking it a servant, he said, briefly, "Come in," without turning, or raising his eyes from the fire. The door opened, there was a light, hurried step in the chamber, and the next moment a soft white hand was laid on his shoulder, soft, womanly lips were pressed upon his forehead, and with an exclamation of joyful surprise, he sprang up to embrace his mother!

Mrs. Coniston had been at Wytham Court some days, and was to remain there throughout the visit of her son. She was looking better, happier and handsomer than Philip had ever seen her since the death of his father. It rejoiced him to see her so like her old self—he looked into her face with more than a lover's fondness and pride. He embraced her again and again, asked her a thousand questions, and laughed with boyish carelessness at the motherly solicitude she expressed, and at the something very like a shock which his pale face, languid eyes, and incipient stoop had caused her.

"Why, mother dear, I am very much as I always have been since we left the new world," he said. "I am not a young Guy of Warwick, it is true—I am not quite so stalwart a youth as my Cousin Harold, and have not so much good beef's blood in me, I confess; but I am as strong, stout and straight as most students who are students, in right down deadly earnest—not in name and pretence merely. So, do not vex your dear, foolish, motherish heart about me, or we shall have Uncle Hugh setting up another four-in-hand establishment, and sending me out as a daily show for lake tourists and the lassies of Keswick."

"I am not sure but that would be the best thing in the world for you, Philip."

"Heaven save the mark! I would not submit to the absurdity of it, to the bore of it, for the title deeds of Wytham Court. Poor old Uncle Hugh! this is the one weakness which betrays the headstrong folly of second boyhood, at least, though he believes it has given him back the strength and heart of manhood.—Hark! there he comes, dashing and splashing up the avenue in the rain—Mackintosh-proof from head to foot! See what a flood is shelving off from that enormous broad-brim!—the dear, deluded old duck of a 'nuncle!'"

"Well, we will postpone our discussion for 'a more convenient season'—for mind, my lad, I am not satisfied with your appearance, nor with your reasons for it; but I must leave you now, for the dressing-bell will ring presently, and you must not be a moment behindhand at dinner to-day. Punctuality is a part of our uncle's religion—and then, he will be very impatient to see you."

Mr. Coniston received Philip with the affectionate cordiality of a father. He held him with a prolonged grasp of the hand, and scanned him, with all a father's pride in the pure intellectual beauty of his face, and all a father's solicitude at its paleness, the morbid sadness and dissatisfaction of its expression.

"Why, my poor boy," he said, "how is this? you look white and wo-be-gone, and as thin as when I first saw you perched up in the window-seat at the Hall—the 'Castle Glum,' in which you were held a prisoner, disabled and desponding—

"'I prithee why so pale, sweet youth?'"

Philip laughed and flushed up to the temples.

"What," continued his uncle, "give me the lie to my face! See, madam, how he has run up the red flag! I only wish he would nail it to the mast, and keep it there throughout his cruise."

After dinner, as the uncle and nephew lingered for awhile over their wine, the kindly old man, falling into a confidential tone, returned to the subject of the young collegian's health.

"I see how it is, my boy," he said, "you are laying yourself out to take all the prizes. Prizes are good things—I don't wonder at a student's desire to grasp all he can—but they are a world too costly, if bought at the price you seem to be paying for them—the strength, and bloom, and pleasure of your youth."

"You mistake, my dear uncle—I am not striving for the prizes. My ambition does not lie in that direction—I am only a little run down by study, which I do not take as easily as cleverer students. Never fear but that I have strength enough yet—nervous, if not muscular. Much bloom I could never boast, you know. I am neither Hercules nor Hylas—but my physical lackings and shortcomings are the last things I am troubled about."

"That's right, 'never say die' Ah, we'll set you up directly—this is Do-Nothing-Hall—I'll have no poring over musty tomes here—no unwholesome burning of midnight-oil. I'll lock up the classical and poetical department of my library—I'll get you in love with some of our Keswick beauties—I'll have you sit on the box, instead of John, and relieve me in my charioteering."

"Oh, spare me there, Uncle Hugh!" cried Philip, laughing, "not as regards the beauties, but the boys. I never yet could manage two-in-hand, respectably—I should disgrace myself utterly with such a complication of ribbons in my 'prentice hands.' I am sure that from very awkwardness, I should overturn your barouche down the first precipice, and send the whole concern to 'eternal smash,' as our cousins, the Yankees, say."

"Oh, no danger—trust me for putting on the drag before such a catastrophe. Seriously, Phil, I am convinced that driving is the thing for you, morally and physically, and four-in-hand driving exalts a pastime into an art. Zounds! a man must be all alive-o! with two pair of well-conditioned thorough-breds before him. Why, in my day, it was quite the fashion for noble collegians, dashing young viscounts, dukes, and marquises, to drive the mail coach between London and Cambridge—and they did it in royal style. Prigs and parvenus of course, pronounced it a shockingly 'ungenteel' freak on the part of those fine, young fellows—but in my opinion, it was a breaking out of blood—a far better proof of nobility than letters patent and armorial crests. Did the ancient Britons and hairy old Vikings—did the Greek princes and demigods lounge behind fat coachmen, and doze on velvet cushions? No, they drove their own chariots, in the battle and the circus—directed them like thunder-bolts through the fight, or, panting with the ardor of the chase, whirled toward the goal, exulting in the dominion of horseflesh—feeling the very veins throb with the life and power of the grandest of subjugated animals. Ha! I would rather rule four splendid brutes, each with a devil of mischief in him, watching for a chance at revolt, than a nation of submissive and servile men."

"How you must honor the conquering hero at Astleys—the princes and knights of the Hippodrome," said Philip, with mock seriousness.

"No—for they degrade a divine art into a vulgar calling—the rascals! They dance and somersault upon horseback, the natural throne of man. The modern circus-performer is less a man than an ape—supple, soulless, and cruel—and the modern circus horse is a beautiful, degraded creature, that has been tortured out of his horsehood."

"Ah, my dear uncle," replied Philip, "I see it is no use to contend with you here. You have mounted your hobby—a glorious concrete animal, tamed and familiarized—a mass of subdued fire and force, to you, but to me, a fearful, complex monster, with sixteen legs, four heads, and as many tails."

"That is because you look at it through the distorting atmosphere of artificial tastes and unmanly prejudices—because, too, you are inexperienced, and I am afraid a little—"

"Cowardly—I admit it, in this instance. I have perhaps an undue regard for my neck, if not for my name. I shall never emulate that unfortunate youth, Phaeton."

"Well, well, we will see what can be done for your regeneration,—but just now, we must rejoin your mother, who by this time is mildly execrating me, for detaining you so long."

The hospitable, care-free life of Wytham Court, the rest and recreation which he was obliged to take while there, had the hoped for, happy effect upon the health and spirits of our hero. His face took a warmer tint, his eye a steadier light, his brow gradually unloaded itself of its unnatural weight of care and ennui, his step grew both lighter and stronger, he became both more boyish and more manly than before. Very much of this happy change was owing to his seeing, for the first time of his life in England, his mother in the position to which, by nature's high patent of nobility, she belonged. He saw her move among his uncle's guests with a sweet, serene dignity and grace, seemingly unconscious of the admiration and homage which waited on her steps. He saw her honored by rank and genius, beloved by youth and beauty. There was nothing acquired, nothing alien in this—it was not tact, it was not art—it was character, it was nature. There was about her no meaner indication of lowly birth and humble fortune than a somewhat severe simplicity of manner and dress. Added to this was a quiet self-respect, not watchful, yet never betrayed—not assertive, yet never defied,—a marvel and a mystery to parvenus and snobs.

When Mrs. Coniston and her son had been about a fortnight at Wytham Court, they were somewhat startled one evening to find among the guests assembled in the drawing-room, awaiting dinner Sir Ralph and Lady Coniston, with their daughter, Georgiana. They had arrived that afternoon, while Philip and his mother were enjoying one of their fine, long old-fashioned walks in the park, utterly unconscious of the social ordeal which awaited them.

It was a surprise all around—peculiarly one of Hugh Coniston's surprises, and if not so pleasant as the one first prepared for the young collegian, quite as much in accordance with the plans and principles of his host.

From the first, the nabob uncle had resolved silently to protest against Amy Coniston's exclusion from his nephew's family, and utterly to ignore their ignorance of her. So, at this moment of surprise and embarrassment, he said very quietly, though with a shade of good-humored malice in his smile,

"I am sure, Sir Ralph, that I need not introduce to Lady Coniston and your daughter, my dear niece, your brother Philip's widow."

Lady Coniston actually blushed and stammered out a few half intelligible words of greeting, and Miss Georgiana stared amazedly, with blank, blue eyes, forgetting even to curtsey. Sir Ralph, the imperturbable, got on better, though secretly far enough from his ease. He plunged heavily through the required common places, and submitted with a tolerable grace to the hard necessity laid upon him by his arbitrary host, to deviate for once from the plan and policy he had laid out for himself.

Mrs. Coniston was the only one who really suffered. She felt most keenly the constraint and coercion of a social intercourse thus established with her husband's family—an intercourse as uncongenial to her, as it had been unsought by her. Her upright and truthful spirit revolted from the polite falsehoods which the Baronet and his lady at length brought themselves to utter, and which she was doubtless expected to respond to with grateful *empressement*; on the contrary, she replied very briefly, preserving to the full her single-hearted integrity.—there was even in her manner a cold reserve, almost amounting to *hauteur*, which one would have supposed foreign to her gentle and cordial nature.

As for Philip, he enjoyed the whole affair immensely. There was such poetical justice in it,—it was such a lesson to patrician insolence and intolerance—such a triumph over snobbery. He exulted more than ever on this occasion in his mother's unconscious elegance, and that beauty yet no unimpaired, touched with only a tenderer grace by time and thought and sorrow—in her intellect, her culture, in her simple repugnant womanhood.

The dinner was kept waiting a cool half hour by the titled lion of the company, the Earl of Mountford, the lord of a noble neighboring estate.

His lordship had of late been a frequent visitor at Wytham Court, and Philip had observed with feelings not altogether pleasurable, that the matronly beauty of his mother had made a profound impression on the *blasé* and middle aged peer. For the first time in his life, Philip felt something of jealous fear in regard to his mother, a weakness for which he chided himself, as a crime against her noble constancy for that love of her youth which yet lay in funeral state in the most secret chamber of her soul—"I would not give her to the king of the world—to the king of all the world!" he said, forgetting that the right of gift or refusal was scarcely vested in him.

At length, the Earl of Mountford's resonant title was heard ascending the staircase, handed on from footman to footman, till it reached the drawing-room, into which it was leisurely followed by the noble lord himself.

After a few words of greeting and apology to his host, his lordship approached Mrs Coniston, who had grown to be regarded by her uncle's guests as hostess for the time, rather than as a visitor. The beautiful widow was at that moment earnestly conversing with a deep-eyed, large-browed, noble old man, a poet of world-wide renown, who now modestly moved away to make room for the lord. All this seemed right and fitting to most of that goodly British company, who too dull of spiritual sight to perceive the immortal laurel crowning the poet, yet needed no eye-anointing to perceive the airy coronet of the peer.

In spite of the shade of vexation which flitted across the fair face of his mother, Philip was well pleased to see the man of genius, of whose respectful admiration for her he had been most proud, superseded by a mere lord—one of the most characterless patrician type, stout, sleepy, with receding forehead and chin, and high arrogant nose, and narrow head bald and unvenerable; for well Philip knew that the Earl, any Earl, would weigh more than a race of poets in the estimation of those who had so cruelly wounded his mother, through her love and maternity—who had depreciated, slighted and humiliated her, and who now watched her with sudden interest—with a slow uplift of languid eye-lids, and a cold stare of high-bred astonishment.

Mr. Hugh Coniston conducted the stately Lady Elinor to the dinner-table, and Lord Mountford gave his arm to Mrs. Coniston. The two sisters, according to the law, sat opposite to each other. The dame of high degree continued to watch the apothecary's daughter and her absorbed cavalier, with a piqued and growing wonderment, and Philip, from the other end of the table, watched *her* with a secret malicious triumph, till he suddenly bethought himself of his duty to make himself agreeable, as far as might lie in his power, to his Cousin Georgiana, who sat sullenly sipping her soup at his side.

Miss Coniston was not yet "in society," though she sometimes visited with papa and mamma, whom she pretty effectually ruled, at the houses of the neighboring gentry, and among family friends. She was a belle in embryo, a premature woman of the world—pretty, graceful, accomplished in superficialities; she heartily, that is, if she could do anything heartily—disliked study and country life—she already hungered and thirsted after the gaieties of town, and aspired to air her charms and graces at Almack's. "Next year," she wrote to her Cousin, Vesta Lancaster, "I shall come out; till then, life is a burden to me. Papa and mamma are going to London with me, but I am to be presented by mamma's cousin, the Dowager Duchess of Fanfaron. I am sorry she is so old and ugly—but Harold says she will answer a double purpose, as a chaperon and a foil. I hope you will persuade Lady Egerton to present you at the same time."

To this Vesta replied rather more curtly than courteously—"I don't wish to come out, any more than I am out now—for I am determined never to lead the senseless, useless life of a fashionable woman. I was made for better things, thank Heaven!—and I never mean to be presented at Court, unless Her Majesty should especially desire it—which I hardly think likely. I have no fancy for dragging a train about for two or three hours in an ante-room, though it be in a palace—nor for being crushed in a rude loyal crowd, though it be mostly composed of noble lords and ladies. One pays too dearly in comfort and dignity on such occasions for the honor of a word and a glance from royalty."

But to return to our young hero and his dinner-table companion.

"You have never before met my mother," said Philip, still pursuing his late train of thought.

"No—except for a moment, in your sick-room. It was at twilight, and I saw her so indistinctly that I really should not have known her again, even if I had expected to meet her here. I did not know that she was so fine a woman—she is wonderfully well preserved, isn't she? I really don't wonder now that Captain Coniston fell in love with her—she must have been sweetly pretty in her first bloom."

Philip bit his lip with ill-dissembled vexation, and "the gushing thing" prattled on, with a precocious Becky-Sharp-ness of innocent malice—"I wish mamma had possessed her art of preserving complexion, hair, and so on—of repressing color and *embonpoint*; for mamma was really very pretty as a girl—the beauty and the toast of the county. I have heard her say that had it not been for her unlucky *penchant* for papa, she might have been a countess."

"And you," said Philip, coldly, "would then have been *Lady* Georgiana, from the cradle, whereas now, you—"

"Must wait a few years," added the young lady, demurely.

To change the conversation to a theme more agreeable, Philip asked, after a moment's pause, "Have you heard recently from Miss Lancaster?"

"Not very recently. She is an odd girl, is Vesta. She just coolly ignores etiquette, whenever the whim takes her, and delights to set at defiance all the little *bienséances* of polite life. For instance—she never feels bound to answer one's letters promptly and in kind. She writes the merest, curtest notes you can imagine, in reply to long, gossipy letters. I never can get anything out of her about town life. Her excuse is that she is always busy. I wonder what she can find to busy herself about, for my part. I suspect she means to make a blue-stocking of herself, or an artist of some sort. You have heard of the death of her father—Lord Edward?"

"Yes. I saw the announcement in the 'Morning Chronicle.' He died suddenly, did he not?"

"Yes; such men always do, I believe. He left all his property to Vesta."

Philip started with an indefinable feeling of pain—but his face brightened as his cousin went on.

"It was found, however, that he had very little to leave. Still, it will make her, with her old-fashioned inexpensive tastes, independent of her grandmamma, and be a nice little portion for her, should the old Countess choose to leave her property to her other grandchildren. By the way, Lady Egerton and Vesta were to have come to us for a fortnight, this autumn; but on account of the death of Lord Edward, the visit has been postponed for a year. So you will probably meet Vesta at the Hall, if you come home at that time."

"I shall be most happy to see her again," replied Philip warmly; "I admired and liked her exceedingly."

"Ah, yes, I remember you two were famous friends. But didn't that ugly accident cure you of your extraordinary fancy?"

"No, far from it."

"And are you as ready as ever to break a lance, or a leg, in the service of your lady?"

"Quite, I assure you."

"Well, that is odd. But there is mamma, anxiously telegraphing me. I suppose I am talking too much for her ideas of propriety. It's well she hasn't Vesta to deal with."

"Pardon me, but I must say for our Cousin Vesta, that I am confident, had her mother lived, she would have been a good and obedient daughter."

"Perhaps so; but it strikes me that 'good' and 'obedient' are very humdrum words to apply to such a girl as Vesta—such an independent, lawless creature, such—but there's mamma's signal again—how tiresome!"

The party from Coniston Hall remained a fortnight at Wytham Court—most kindly and hospitably entertained.

During this time the most polite and ceremonious relations existed between them and Mrs. Coniston. There was a perfect mutual understanding—the bounds of their intercourse were sharply defined, and there was no trespassing on either side. That intercourse attained to nothing like the cordiality of true kin feeling, but touched the nicest heights of civility and high-breeding.

During the last week of her stay, Lady Elinor derived no little amiable pleasure from the fact that Lord Mountford's visits were discontinued.

"He has in some way ascertained the lady's real position and connexions," her ladyship complacently observed to her ladyship's self.

Had she been told that Lord Mountford had made one visit to Wytham Court of which she had not been made aware—a visit extraordinary, to Mrs. Coniston alone, and that he had departed abruptly from the house and the neighborhood with a countenance greatly overclouded, after having been rejected—heart, hand, lands and coronet—quietly and gently, but firmly rejected by the widow of Captain Coniston—had she been told this, she would not have believed a word of it; yet it was nevertheless true. That spirit of constancy and noble self respect which had shrunk from the confident suit of the peer, almost as from a wrong and an indignity, was utterly beyond the stretch of her worldly faith.

When Mrs. Coniston returned to Woolham, and Philip to the Hall, they both fell into the old way of living—they abided by the bond, and their relations with Sir Ralph and his family remained unaltered.

Some time before the close of the vacation, Philip returned to Oxford, and took up again his double student-life, irreproachable, yet wasting as dissipation—intense and toilsome, yet dreamy and unpractical.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUAKER LADIES.—Professor Blackie, in his work on "Beauty," says: "The Quaker matron generally carries with her that serene atmosphere of moral repose to which a gay and flaunting vesture would be a discord: but a young Quaker lady, in the most sportive season of life, full of laughing fancies and fluttering sensibilities, being pinned up in a plain gray boddice, is as great a mistake in its way, as a minister of the Gospel or a grave philosopher would be in a harlequin's coat; and therefore I have observed that young ladies of that sect, especially when they are pretty and lively, do not at all affect the severe costume."

☞ I take goodness in this sense—the seeking the real welfare of men; which is what the Greeks call philanthropia. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity, and without it, man is a busy, mischievous, wretched being, no better than a kind of vermin.—*Lord Bacon.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"My Dreams;" "To L. E. L.;" "Love Depends Upon Truth;" "To Tillie H.;" "The Rose;" "The Arm to Save;" "Phantoms of Moonlight;" "My Brother."

A correspondent writes that a lady, who has the power in her normal state "to foresee the end of important events, and read the destiny of men and nations," declares that Sir John Franklin and his men are alive, and will return this season. We make a note of the prediction, so that when Sir John returns, credit may be given where credit is due.

THE STREAM OF GOLD.

When the discovery of the Californian and Australian mines began to pour in upon the American and European world a steady stream of Gold, the effect of a great increase in the amount of the precious metals became a subject of frequent discussion, not only with philosophers in their libraries, but with men of the world and of business, in their counting houses and on their farms.

It was argued, on the one side, that as the precious metals increased in quantity, they must naturally depreciate in value, as compared with the other productions and property which, in their capacity of money, they represented. That, in conformity with this view, the prices of lands, houses, breadstuffs, &c., would more or less rapidly increase—being only an apparent increase of their value, based upon the real decrease in the value of gold. In support of this view, the results of the Spanish discoveries of gold and silver in Mexico Brazil and Peru, several centuries ago, were adduced and relied upon.

On the other side, however, it was held—though by a much smaller number—that the course of time would not confirm the general belief upon this subject. That the regular influx of gold would stimulate the productive energies of the world to such an extent, that the increase of all other productions, the building of houses, and the opening of new lands to cultivation, would keep pace with the increase of the measure of value—so that their existing proportion would not be greatly disturbed.

Ten years have now elapsed, and $800,000,000 of gold has been added to the stock of the world. What is the result thus far? What is the lesson of the past? Even as to this simple question, there may be considerable diversity of sentiment. The *U. S. Economist*—an article in which has suggested these remarks—says:—

"Prices generally are no higher than before. Silver holds the same relation to gold that it did, and money, within six months, has been higher in the open market than it ever was before. Thus all the prognostics upon the gold influence seem to have failed. The stream of gold has not lowered its value, although fed from the three sources of Russia, Australia, and California. The question then recurs, will it so continue?—will gold continue to flow in and swell to overflowing the vaults of the banks without ultimately producing the effect anticipated? If we look back upon the events of the last ten years, we shall find that they have been such as to counteract powerfully the influence of gold.

"The discovery of gold followed a disastrous famine, when much capital had been destroyed. It was accompanied by the revolutions of Europe, when still larger amounts of capital were destroyed and gold hoarded. The advent of the French empire was followed by a large absorption of capital in the shape of goods by the gold countries. The Russian war followed, swallowing up immense other sums, and still greater ones were put into railroads—in America, in Western Europe, and in India. At the same time, the harvests again failed. All these circumstances were productive of high prices, and these prices drew produce from Asia, for which silver was sent back in large masses. The effect of sending away silver was to reduce the mass of money relatively to commodities. All these circumstances have caused gold to fail of its effect. The large losses by war, bad harvests and railways could not have been met, but from the results of the extraordinary productive industry stimulated by the anticipated effect of gold."

Our view of the fact is somewhat different from the above. For a number of years, as it seems to us, gold did continually lose in value, while lands, houses, and all the productions of the earth rapidly increased in price. But gold had another value—an artificial value, which is too lightly regarded, and often entirely overlooked in political economy—but which is not less real because of its being artificial. It had the value of being a LEGAL TENDER. Depreciate it, therefore, as men might, in their comparisons of it with houses, lands, breadstuffs, cotton, &c., it still remained King Gold, the master and touchstone of them all, the only sovereign whose right was *legally* acknowledged. When, therefore, as the result of the infinite number of speculations which the abundance of gold had stimulated, Pay-Day came, everybody began at once to seek for the legal tender. Conscious of a general extension of means beyond the line of proper caution, a cry of "All hands pay up, let us see where we are," rang through the land. But to pay up at once, required the immediate possession of the legal tender—and this was the day of triumph for King Gold. Men had depreciated him—had said he was, at any time, no more than any other commodity—and not as much when he was so plenty—and now they were sacrificing all other commodities to obtain him; and were glad to recompense his services at such enormous rates of interest as had seldom before been paid. This was King Gold's day of vengeance—when it was proved to the satisfaction of all who would duly consider the subject, that the precious metals alone, of all the productions of the earth, were the legal kings.

When the Day of Settlement had passed, and debtors had either paid or compromised or broken, then, though Gold was less needed, a wholesome sense of its peculiar value remained. A hundred dollars in gold, in a civilized community, is good for everything to that amount—a hundred dollars in iron, or grain, or cloth, is good for what it will bring in gold or silver. A man may have a house worth $5,000, and yet not be able promptly to pay his note at bank for $1,000, and therefore "fail." But if he has the $5,000 in gold, he has it for everything that money will pay or buy. It may seem useless to dwell upon this fact—but we see it, in discussions of various kinds, upon Usury Laws, upon Banks, and upon this very subject of which we are treating, constantly ignored and disregarded. The fallacy that there is no essential difference between a commodity which is specially made by law a legal tender—and other commodities—is almost universal among our mercantile community, strange as it may seem.

But here we are, at the close of a marked financial period, with $800,000,000 more of the precious metals—less the silver sent to Asia, the amount of which we know not, but which probably does not exceed $100,000,000—say with $700,000,000 more of gold and silver than we had ten years ago. Has the value of the precious metals depreciated? Are other things higher in proportion? We think that, notstanding the late check to almost all industrial occupations, they are. Houses and lands, in and around this city, are now selling at higher prices than they would have sold for at the beginning of the gold era. And although this might have been the case without the gold flow, owing to the increase of our population, we think no small proportion of the rise is to be attributed to the large amount of capital now seeking safe investment—in other words, to the unusual abundance of gold.

The prices of land through the country, while they have receded from the extreme and often ridiculous rates of a year ago, still are much higher, if we are not mistaken, than they were ten years since. Breadstuffs and cotton have experienced a momentary check, we grant—but this is owing mainly to the stoppage of manufactures in the latter case, and the want of consumers in the former. Good crops of breadstuffs abroad have prevented a foreign demand—and the consumption of the country, just now, owing partly to the temporary prostration of industrial enterprises, probably falls short of the fine supply furnished us last year. One crop may have to be sacrificed by our farmers in order to set the industry of the country again in motion, and thus bring better prices for the coming harvest.

But if our present prices of lands, houses, &c., are really higher even now owing to the increase of gold, may we not reasonably expect that for the next ten years they will go on steadily increasing, under a continued influx from California and Australia? We think so, undoubtedly—unless some blight, political or financial, should interfere to prevent such a consummation. The price of land, it seems to us, and of almost everything else, must almost infallibly tend upward. The increased productiveness of the world, for the next ten years—after the great crippling of industrial enterprises in general, last year—can scarcely keep pace, we should think, with the increase of gold. And if it does not, gold inevitably must decline, and other things increase, in value, until Speculation again begins to blow up its various balloons, and another great Pay Day comes.

THE OPERA.

This musical "institution" is in a bad way again. The Daily papers seem unable to decide what is the cause of the constantly recurring difficulty. Some say there is not sufficient variety—the same pieces being repeated too often. Others think it is the high prices. Others that the Manager does not "spread himself" sufficiently in his advertisements and placards.

The problem to be worked out, as our readers know, is the following: Given an expensive entertainment, for which only a small number of people have a real liking, how to get a large number to patronize it regularly, at *high* prices—inasmuch as at *low* prices, it will not pay. A difficult problem this to work out, and one which it will take a very prolonged discussion to find a satisfactory answer to.

COMPARATIVE EXPENSES.—A contemporary, in commenting upon the expense of the British government, says:—

With our notions of cheap government, it appears rather extravagant to require close on $235 500,000 to carry on the government of a country. Our own expenses—and we growl considerably at their magnitude—do not amount to much more than $70,000 000, or little more than a fifth of the sum which is too small for our English cousins. However, they know their own business best; but while we are glad that they are so prosperous and able to bear such an expensive system of government, we cannot help congratulating ourselves that our army does not cost annually close on $60,000,000—our navy $50 000 000—and that we are not called on to pay $142 000,000 as the annual interest on our debt.

We question whether our own expenses are really as small as represented in the above extract. To the $70,000,000 of national expenses, should be added the expenses of thirty-one State governments. If we go on moreover increasing our expenses at the rate which has marked our progress up to this time, it will not take very many decades to bring us up to the standard of our English cousins. "Cheap" government, in this country, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 192—Adults 105, and children 87.

Extraordinary Manifestations.

The *Spiritual Telegraph* contained a letter recently, acquainting us with a fact of which we were previously ignorant, that the transmutation of copper into gold had been accomplished by Prof. Hare, of this city, under the direction of the "spirits." Dr. S. A. Peters, of Missouri, has been on a visit to Prof. Hare, it seems, and has witnessed these wonderful doings. He says:—

A common manifestation, or one that is frequently made by Dr. Hare, is the changing of a copper cent in a few minutes' time into a piece of gold. The doctor has quite a number of pieces of gold, all of which have been made by the spirits from copper cents. He showed me a solution of Russia platinum, made from the ore by the spirits. Also a piece of *pure silver*, weighing 3,980 grains, which had been converted into a fluid state by the spirits, and then changed back to the original solid mass. He placed at one time a number of coins of different kinds—gold, silver, and copper—into a glass jar, closely corked, and then put the jar containing the coins into an empty wooden box, which was then also closed. In three minutes—the doctor standing by with his watch in hand—it was changed into a two-and a half dollar gold coin. After he had examined it, and placed it in a jar, and then in the box, in five minutes it was converted into the same kind and number of coins he had put in. On another occasion, he placed a number of coins of different kinds, in like manner, in a jar, and had them converted into a solid mass in a few minutes. The spirits then changed this solid mass of metal into the same number and kinds of coin he had put in.

The trick the "spirits" seem to have of changing the gold "back again," is one that should not be tolerated by the Professor for a moment. He should follow the example of the countryman with the conjuror, who taking the coin into his hands for the purpose of satisfying himself that his penny had really been changed into gold, resolutely put it into his pocket—being perfectly satisfied with the experiment that far, and seeing no need of any further transformations.

Dr. Peters goes on to say:—

I will now state what I saw myself. Dr. Hare, the medium, M. Aug. Ruggles, (a young man, eighteen or nineteen years of age, to whom I was an entire stranger when I entered the laboratory,) and myself, were all who were present. The medium seated himself before the spiritoscope, which was upon the table in the centre of the room. Dr. Hare and myself being seated on the opposite side, and near the table. After a few minutes, the spirits said, through the spiritoscope, "Let Dr. S. Peters put two glass tubes and two pieces of Russia ore in the box." Dr. Hare then left his seat and got me two glass tubes about six inches in length, and about half an inch in diameter, hermetically sealed at the ends, and also two pieces of Russia platinum, each about the size of a common bullet. The box into which I was to put them I examined. It was on the table before me. It was in the shape of a writing-desk, two feet or more in length, and a foot and a-half in breadth, and from four to eight inches in depth, having a sloping lid, with hinges and a clasp. In this box I placed the two glass tubes and two pieces of platinum—nothing else being in the box—and closed it. Dr. Hare and myself then took the seats we had occupied before, and the medium, Mr Ruggles, continued to remain at the spiritoscope. After waiting fifty-five minutes, the spirit said, through the spiritoscope, 'We have a present for Dr. S. A. P.; let him go to the box and get it." I then went to the box, which was only a few feet from me, opened it, and found the two pieces of Russia platinum inside of the two hermetically sealed glass tubes.

Of course, as to the reality of the above changes of base metals into gold, and the "hermetically sealed glass tube" experiment, our readers may believe just what they please—this being a "free country." For ourselves, we have seen so many wonderful things done by Signor Blitz, that we would hardly believe our own eyes in such cases.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Considerable is said now-a-days as to the probability of a war between France and England. Louis Napoleon is increasing his navy, while the English Government has organized a Channel fleet. The *Ledger* of this city thinks that the French Emperor will attack "either England or *the United States*," as soon as he gets everything ready for a blow.

Gentlemen of intelligence and observation, who came passengers in the steamer Ariel, represent the state of feeling in France towards England as bitter in the extreme, growing out of the acquittal of Bernard and the generally unfriendly sentiments of the English people towards the Emperor, superinduced by the various misunderstandings between the two Governments anterior to that event. War was freely talked of as an event within the pale of probability; and in England even there was a growing disposition on all hands to recognize it simply as a question of time. But little else was spoken of when the steamer left besides the Bernard case and the irritation it was creating in Paris.

We confess that we do not apprehend anything quite so serious as a bombardment of New York or Philadelphia—and think the chances of even a dash upon London not more than ten in the hundred. And as Louis Napoleon generally does just what no one thinks he is about to do, the general apprehension rather adds to the improbability of there being any such collision. If the French Emperor is really preparing for some great move upon the political chess board, we should think the object of attack more likely to be Italy than England. But, as Mr. Ritchie wisely used to say, *nous verrons*—which is the French for "We shall see what we shall see."

THE LEVIATHAN.—From the report recently made by the directors of the Great Eastern Steam Navigation Company, it appears that the total cost of the Leviathan will be about $4,000,000—or nearly $170 a ton, taking the ship at the builders' measurement of 24,000 tons. The Leviathan is about 150 feet longer than Noah's Ark—though the amount of tonnage of the Ark is given by the Biblical authorities as nearly three times as great. The directors regret that they will be unable to complete the equipments of the Leviathan before the autumn, when it is intended to make several preliminary voyages to America, for the purpose of testing the ship's capabilities, and in the spring to commence her voyages to India and Australia. As it is not probable she can enter New York harbor, on account of the well known shallowness of the water in some places, it is to be hoped she will be brought to Philadelphia, after her visit to Portland. Our shipping merchants should take some action in this respect—not only for our own convenience, but for the gratification of our New York brethren, thousands of whom would come a hundred miles to see this monster of the deep.

THE GIFT LOTTERIES.

It would be idle to suppose that the suppression of some twenty to thirty gift lotteries in New York City, would break up the whole business. Now once, undeterred by the odium into which the business has fallen, doubtless will continually start up—making even more magnificent promises than the old establishments—in the hope of doing something in the gudgeon line, before the authorities can hear of their existence. There is still, therefore, hope for those "simple ones" who can only learn by experience—and need special instruction in the truth of the proverb that "a fool and his money are soon parted." Verdant publishers of country newspapers, too, will have other chances of inserting long advertisements, glittering with lists of gold watches, diamond rings, silver pencils, &c., &c., in payment for which flaming advertisements they will receive a good price—when they get it. None of those who have a little green in the eye, therefore, need despair, and think that the chances of their being duped are all vanished. Every thing in nature is proportioned, we are told—and doubtless for every twenty fools, there is born at least one sharper.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.—The following letter is in the possession of George Washington Lewis, of Westmoreland county, Va. Our readers will be interested in it, as opening a glimpse of Washington's views upon the delicate subject of matrimony:—

To Major George Lewis.

PHILADELPHIA, 7th April, 1796.

Dear Sir—Tuesday's post brought me a letter from a Mr. Andrew Parks, of Fredericksburg, covering one from your mother; both on the subject of overtures of marriage made by the former to your cousin Harriet Washington, which, it seems, depend upon my consent for consummation.

My sister speaks of Mr. Parks as a sober, discreet man; and one who is attentive to business. Mr. Parks says of himself that his "fortune, at present, does not much exceed £3,000, but with industry and economy he has every expectation of rapidly improving his condition," being concerned with his brother in law, Mr. McElderry, of Baltimore, in mercantile business.

As I am an entire stranger to Mr. Parks, to his family connexions, or his connexions in trade, to his mode of living, his habits, and to his prospect in trade, I should be glad if you would ascertain them with as much precision as you can, and write me with as little delay as you can well avoid.

Harriet having little or no fortune of her own, has no right to expect a great one in the man she marries—but it is desirable that she should marry a gentleman—one who is well connected, and can support her decently, in the line she always moved; otherwise, she would not find matrimony with a large family and little means, so eligible as she may have conceived it to be.

I am your sincere friend and
Affectionate uncle,
G. WASHINGTON.

This letter will be accompanied by one to my sister, which I pray you to receive from the post-office and send to her.

It may gratify our readers, especially the fairer portion of them, to learn that Miss Harriet was united to the man of her choice. They settled afterwards, it is believed, in Kanawha county, and a son, Mr. Andrew Parks, has creditably served in the Legislature of Virginia.

New Publications.

A HANDBOOK OF HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE, by EDWARD L. YOUMANS, (D. Appleton & Co., New York; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a popular account of Heat, Light, Air, Aliment and Cleansing in their scientific principles and domestic applications, and is altogether the most agreeable, instructive and useful work of the kind that has appeared. Its direct value is twofold. Every teacher will bear us witness that a really good text-book of this nature is very much wanted in schools. "Johnson's Chemistry of Common Life," though it is a capital work, and the nearest approximation to the required standard, is entirely unfit for school use, for which indeed it was never designed. But Mr Youmans' book fairly comes up to the mark. Practical teachers, well qualified to speak with authority, assure us—and we have the assurance only less directly from equally respectable sources—that this Handbook is most happily adapted to school uses, and, from the exceeding clearness and comprehensibility of its scientific statements, and the curious and exciting interest of the information it imparts on familiar subjects, inspires pupils with an enthusiasm which their more ordinary studies fail to kindle. School committees and persons directly interested in education, who have long been searching for a work of this kind, as ineffectually as Diogenes sought for an honest man, will rejoice to find the fruit of their quest in this manual. To householders it has a less prospective, and more immediate value than to pupils. Armed and furnished with the practical information it affords, they will be enabled to live wisely and well, with added health, life and comfort. It is, in a word, a plain-spoken, easily understood exposition of the laws and properties of the physical agencies mentioned, knowledge of which ensures us to a great degree, health, strength and happiness, while ignorance thereof entails upon us much suffering, disease and premature death. Few persons realize—few persons begin to realize—the importance of thoroughly understanding the nature and effects of light, heat, air and food. Yet the value of such knowledge can hardly be over-stated, and the influence of these agencies even upon the moral nature, is already becoming a consideration of startling import in the minds of scientific men. But without entering this untrodden field, the work under notice gives the fullest information relative to the bearings of science on those household operations which immediately concern our physical welfare. It is a worthy book composed for a worthy end, and in its spirit and purpose, so far as it goes, purely Baconian. The wish to serve rather than shine, and the benevolent desire to lift our ordinary domestic life to the dignity of harmony with law, pervade it throughout, and tincture it in the grain. Written in the simplest and most intelligible manner, and as free as possible from technical scientific phraseology, it is in the noblest sense a book for the people, who, we hope, will largely profit by it.

THE GARDEN (Fowler & Wells, New York,) is a pocket-manual of horticulture, &c.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN (Rudd & Carleton, New York, Parry & McMillan, Philada.,) is the title of the latest work of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"—Miss Dinah Maria Mulock. The book cannot fail to benefit its readers, if read with due respect and critical caution, both of which it needs, since some of the "thoughts" are exceedingly good, while some are exceedingly good-for-nothing. Miss Mulock has plenty of preconceptions, misconceptions and prejudices, and is too much hampered with traditions to think always freely or wisely, but on the other hand she has earnestness, commonsense, good feelings and a philanthropic spirit.

THE NEW YORK PULPIT (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York,) is the title of a volume of sermons, a memorial of the revival of 1858.

THE COTTAGE GARDEN OF AMERICA, by WALTER ELDER, (Moss & Brother, Philada.,) claims to be the work of a practical gardener. It is a manual of floriculture and horticulture, evidently composed by one who knows.

SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, FOURTH SERIES, (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York,) are addressed in a hearty preface by the author, to his American readers, who are already pretty numerous.

CHURCH AND CONGREGATION: A PLEA FOR THEIR UNITY, by C. A. BARTOL, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B Peterson, Philada.,) is the work of a Boston clergyman of considerable local celebrity. It is, so to speak, an argument against close communion, urged with ingenuity, kindly zeal, and eloquence.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is uniform with the beautiful household edition of the Waverley novels, whose appearance in this new form we have consecutively noticed. "Peveril" gives us those gay and graphic pictures of the reign of the second Charles, such as only Sir Walter Scott could draw. It is one of the best of the novels.

SERMONS FOR THE NEW LIFE, by HORACE BUSHNELL. (C Scribner, New York, J. B Lippincott, Philadelphia,) are worth reading, which is much to say. Dr. Bushnell is known both in and out of Hartford, as an earnest and independent minister. He dedicates this volume to his old and faithful congregation. The sermons, irrespective of their doctrinal views, have high literary merits.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.—The American Medical Association met at the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, on the 4th. The Convention organized by calling Dr. Lindsly to the chair. Nearly every State in the Union was represented. The delegations were large, including members from California and Paris.

Dr. D. M. Reese, of New York, offered an apology for having recommended for office a practitioner not recognized by the Society.

This was accepted, and a spirited debate ensued on a similar apology made by Dr. Bryan, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Eve, of Tennessee, retired as President of the Association, and Dr. Lindsly, of the District of Columbia, his successor, took the chair.

Four hundred and six delegates were in attendance. On the evening of the 4th, they were received at the President's house by appointment.

The Convention refused to request the Secretary of the Treasury to reinstate Dr. Bailey as Inspector of Drugs at New York.

Louisville was made the next place of meeting.

The Convention adjourned *sine die* on the 6th.

MANUFACTURES AT THE SOUTH.—The extent to which manufactures are being introduced at the South is not generally understood here at the North. In Georgia alone, there are more than sixty cotton factories, while in other States, particularly Alabama and Louisiana, such factories are being continually erected. It is true that these factories are confined to the coarser descriptions of fabrics. But when Massachusetts began to manufacture cotton goods, she also commenced with the coarser descriptions, and has only advanced to the finer qualities. Indeed, for the most delicate fabrics, we are compelled, as yet, to go abroad. Besides, it is chiefly the commoner sorts of cotton goods, such as the slaves wear, that are in demand at the South; and these, on this account, apart from other causes, are what must pioneer manufactures there. It is a noticeable fact too, that Southern manufactures, instead of declining, are on the increase, a proof that they are no forced exotic, but a healthy development.

GIFT EXHIBITION—EXCITING SCENE.—On Wednesday afternoon, a panorama was exhibited at the Mechanics' Library, Coates Street, above Eleventh, the bill announcing which set forth that every visitor to the painting would receive, without extra charge, a gift varying from five cents to five dollars, among which would be elegant gold rings, breastpins, bracelets, gold ear rings, &c. The price of admission was for scholars six cents, adults twelve cents. At the close of the exhibition, which, it is said, did not give satisfaction, lead pencils were distributed, but no gold rings, breast-pins, or bracelets were seen. A number of the juveniles, upon leaving the room, armed themselves with mud, and when the proprietor of the exhibition made his appearance they pelted him with it, forcing him to leave the place very hurriedly.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A LARGE ESTATE LEFT WITHOUT A DIRECT HEIR.—The death of Jessie Barber, aged four years and nine months, is announced in the Chicago papers. This little girl was the last surviving member of the family of the late James Barber, of Chicago, who, with his wife and daughter, perished in the Collins steamer Pacific, in 1856. At the time of his death his property was estimated at about $250,000, and has increased in value to $400,000. By his will the entire property fell to the infant Jessie. In case of her death, it was to revert to the next of kin. The nearest of kin are Mary Ann, Harriet and Lucy Barber, of Birmingham, England, and Eliza Bell, of Simcoe, C. E. These ladies, who are in straightened circumstances, will receive something over $100,000 each.

☞ The word *Alderman* is derived from the Saxon *Ealdorman*, a senior; and among the Saxons the rank was conferred upon elderly and sage as well as distinguished persons, on account of the experience that their age had given them.

☞ At a recent exhibition of paintings in New York, a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue designated as "Luther at the Diet of Worms." Having descanted at some length upon its merits, the boy remarked: "Mother, I see Luther and the table, but where are the worms?"

☞ That noise or sound which musicians make while they are tuning their instruments is nothing pleasant to hear, but yet is a cause why the music is sweeter afterwards.—*Bacon.*

NEWS ITEMS.

THE CREVASSE.—*New Orleans, May 6.*—The crevasse continues, and all efforts to stop it seem to be abandoned. The town of Gretna is entirely submerged, and Algiers considerably so. It is reported that there is great hope of stopping the large crevasse twenty miles above. Several breaks have occurred below the city in the sugar country. Other very serious crevasses have occurred in the river banks above, doing immense damage to the crops. The river shows no indication of falling.

CONFESSION.—A sailor died recently in Texas, and on his death bed confessed that he was one of the crew who murdered Mrs. Alston, of South Carolina, forty years ago. Mrs. Alston was the daughter of Aaron Burr. She sailed from Charleston for New York, in a brig, and on the trip the crew mutinied and murdered all the officers and passengers, Mrs. Alston being the last one to walk the plank. The sailor remembered her look of despair, and died in the greatest agony of mind.

A PROBABLE SWINDLE.—There is an association, with its head-quarters professedly at Washington, which promises, for $5, to ensure its value in land, with the chance of drawing tracts of from 40 to 1,000 acres. It puts on the air of philanthropy, and refers to a long list of well-known persons in different parts of the Union. Its advertisements are only published in distant journals, and its operations are said to be quite extensive. One of the parties referred to, ex-Governor Randall, of Wisconsin, denies that he has authorized the use of his name, and expresses his opinion that the whole affair is a swindle. There is, we think, but little doubt of it. It is one of those chance schemes, now so prevalent, got up on a large scale, and well calculated to dupe those who have an itching to get rich without honest labor.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.—The Administration is said to be opposed to the resolution in favor of the abrogation of this treaty, at this time, because it would embarrass the negotiations pending for the settlement of the differences between the United States and Great Britain, and force upon the President an aggressive policy, unfavorable to the peace of the two countries, and disastrous to the settlement of the Central American question.

THE Cincinnati Gazette says that since the religious revival has been in progress, the number of drinking shops in that city has been materially lessened. Within a week, two or three establishments in the immediate vicinity of a church where union prayer meetings are holden daily, have been compelled to close.

THE Montpelier, Vt., correspondent of the Boston Traveller writes that the maple sugar season is about over, the crop being a full average one, or a trifle less than three pounds to the tree. Last year was an extraordinary season, the yield being over five pounds to the tree, or nearly enough, if equally distributed and all kept for home consumption, to have supplied every family in the State.

LAGER BEER.—The question of the intoxicating quality of lager beer has been before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. It was alleged that this drink does not come within the term intoxicating liquors. But the Court held that it was expressly declared to be so by the statute, and that, therefore, it was not competent to go into the chemical fact.

ROBBERY OF A CHURCH.—During Holy Week, at Valerii, Italy, a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, an image of the Virgin, with a mantle and gown of gold, was stolen out of the cathedral by some ruffians, who wrote to the bishop that for $500 they would send it back. The mob was indignant, when a voice cried out that "the Jesuits were the thieves," on which, by acclamation, an assault was made on their dwelling, which was gutted, and they were roughly handled in the scuffle. Up to last tidings the palladium had not been recovered. A lot of silver and gold "*ex voto*" formed part of the plunder.

JUDGE SHAW, an able and veteran jurist in Massachusetts, has decided that all liquors illegally held for sale may be destroyed as a public nuisance by the citizens of the town. It is no new opinion that any citizen has the right to abate a nuisance, but the practical tendency of the principle is somewhat to riot and disorder.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—A few days since, man, residing near Galena, Illinois, took a load of potatoes to that town to sell, but not being able to get a higher offer than ten cents per bushel, he declined selling, and threw the load into Fever river. He was arrested, thereupon, taken before the authorities, and fined $14 for obstructing the navigation.

FUNERAL MARCHES TO THE GRAVE.—The following extraordinary example of eccentricity is related by a Swedish journal:—"Dr. Rhodere, physician has set to music the palpitations and irregular beatings of the heart of a female, who is a patient in the hospital at Upsal. 'This disease, written in musical notes with quavers and semi-quavers, forms,' says the journal, 'a kind of waltz, and is one of the greatest curiosities in pathological anatomy.'"

EXPENSES OF LIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The San Francisco Bulletin publishes statements from a dozen or more correspondents in regard to the expenses of living in that city. There is much diversity in the amounts required to support "a man, wife, child, and servant." Some state that they can live from $700 to $1,000. Others say they are economical, and cannot get along with less than from $2,500 to $3,600. Judging from the average of the amounts said to be required, it would appear that the cost of living is about 30 per cent. higher in California than in New York.

A VIRGINIA gentleman, John L. Poindexter, left in his will a provision giving to certain slaves the option of being emancipated or publicly sold, as they might choose. The legality of this clause in the will was contested, and at the last term of the Supreme Court of Appeals the Court decided that the provisions of a will giving to slaves the option, at the death of a life tenant, of being emancipated or sold, are void, the slaves having no legal capacity to make such election; that slaves have no social or civil rights; no legal capacity to make, discharge or assent to contracts.

VIOLATIONS OF THE SUNDAY LAW IN NEW YORK.—According to partial returns from the various police captains of New York city, no less than nine hundred and twenty-five places in that city were open on Sunday last, for the sale of liquors, *dry goods* and cigars. The six wards from which no returns were received would probably swell the number to near 1,500.

EFFECT OF THE REDUCTION OF TOLLS ON FLOUR.—The Buffalo Courier says that the Western Transportation Company shipped more flour by canal on Saturday than during the whole season of 1857; and, further, that they will ship during the present week at least 10,000 barrels. We are satisfied, from what we learn of contracts already made and to be made, that more flour will be shipped from Buffalo by canal during the month of May, than during the whole season of 1857.

MISS ELLEN CUNNINGHAM, daughter of Mrs. Cunningham-Burdell, was married in Jersey City, on Sunday last, to a young dentist of that city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Van Cleef.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 5.—The municipal election yesterday resulted in the success of the entire Republican ticket, by from two to three hundred majority. Five out of seven councilmen were also elected by the Republicans.

DAMAGES FOR SLANDER.—A. D. Young, of Flat Rock, Ky., sued Lucas Lewton for $10,000 damages on account of the wife of the latter charging Young's wife with infidelity to her husband. The jury gave him $4,000.

PAYING OUT SPECIE.—On Saturday, when the banks of Lynchburgh, Va., resumed specie payments, one of them paid out $40,000, and others $15,000 or $20,000 each in coin, the demand for it coming from distant brokers. All the Virginia banks have resumed.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

WHIMS OF THE WEATHER—SPRING-GLORIES OF ENGLISH GARDENS—A GENERAL FAVORITE—A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

London, April 16, 1858

Mr. Editor of the Post:

After all the precocious glories of roses, violets, snow-drops, crocuses, hepaticas, and polyanthuses blossoming so gaily in the open air, we have been pounced upon without a moment's warning by the wicked imps of the North, and held in a shiver of rain, snow, high cold winds, grayness, and blueness, that has made a very disagreeable winter of the last ten days. The poor little primroses that cover every bank, and carpet every bit of copse in the country, and the magnificent expanses of laurustinas now in full bloom—billowy oceans of foamy white flower, the pride of every garden and shrubbery throughout the island—are looking quite meek and down-hearted under this supplementary infliction of cold weather, though they are too hardy to dream for an instant of giving the said "storm-sprites" the satisfaction of seeing them close a single petal for all their fury!

My last chronicle, as your readers may probably remember, reported the bridal gaieties of some friends of mine, in whose hospitable dwelling a "select few" were assembled for a twilight gossip around the blazing fire in the boudoir of their noble hostess, at the close of an auspicious, sunshiny, and highly "successful" day; certain scraps of this cosy gossip having been jotted down by your correspondent for the amusement of the readers of the "Saturday Evening Post"

On looking over the slips of perfumed paper, diplomatically procured from the writing-case of my hostess for this purpose, and quietly filled up in the friendly shadow of an embroidered fire-screen during the evening I put aside, as less interesting to transatlantic readers, the views propounded by some of the circle on the probable duration of the present Ministry, and the "outrageous recklessness" of the late Premier in regard to the English engineers so odiously victimized by King Bomba; on the influence of the National Schools upon the life, habits, and prospects of the working classes, with allusions to the success of sundry private schools for the poor set up and maintained by the speakers upon their several estates; on Guano, and the delays of the Commissioners on Metropolitan Sewage; on the new India Bills, the last news from Lucknow, the Anglo-French squabblings, and the probabilities of harvests, weather, and legislation for the coming season, and proceed to lay before them certain other items as being probably more amusing, if not absolutely more "edifying" and "improving."

JOTTING No. I.

(Lady M—— addressing a Maid of Honor.)

—My dear Miss ———, as I was unable, to my regret, to obey her Majesty's summons on the happy occasion, and have not been to Court since the departure of her Royal Highness, indulge me with a little description of the bride's deportment, and tell me whether she seems as happy in her new sphere as she is reported to be by the newspaper correspondents, who seem to know more about people's affairs and feelings than the individuals themselves could tell them?

The Hon. Miss ———. The "correspondents" have at least, I believe, managed to be tolerably correct in their account of the bridal ceremony; and as to the deportment of the bride, though she managed to keep up pretty well, in spite of a very white face, and a pair of very red eyes, until the service was over, she threw her arms round her Majesty's neck before the benediction was well finished, and burst into such a passion of tears that almost every one present was bewitched by her Royal Highness's emotion, and wept too. With her head laid on her mother's bosom she cried and sobbed as though her good, true, noble little heart were positively breaking! The Queen tried in vain to comfort her; the storm would have its way. Presently she grew rather more calm, and received the embraces of her new family and of her own, and the felicitations of the other great persons present, with something like composure. But, though she adores her husband, who adores her to the full measure of her affection for him, how could she be expected to leave her parents, her home, her country, even for a throne, without feeling the separation to be a cruel one? and her face was just as pale, and just as swollen with tears when she took her departure for her new home. The leave-taking was most affecting; and she wept almost incessantly to the coast. The Prince endeavored, by every means in his power, to soothe and calm her; but the tears *would* come in spite of his tenderness. She is already greatly beloved in her new home; her great talents, remarkable good sense, affability, and sterling goodness, have won all hearts; and my aunt, the Margravine of ——— writes me that even the stiffest and the sternest of the Prussian Court are subdued by her many admirable qualities, the gracious kindliness of her manner, which we all know so well, and which, while it would make her beloved and respected in any station, is so especially lovely in her, and at her years.

The Royal children are brought up with a simplicity and severity that would make her Majesty's household a model for any of her subjects. The simplest and most regular diet, the most implicit obedience to their tutors and governesses, regular study and of the most thorough and careful quality, a vast deal of exercise, and habits of activity, order, and the most common sense attention to all practical matters. The Princess Royal has always been excessively fond of her garden; the one at Windsor especially. Every bit of the work in this garden was done by herself. She constantly consulted the gardeners of the household, and pored over treatises on gardening, but she never allowed any one to do anything in her own plot of ground. For years she has done all the digging, planting, pruning, and even the rolling of the gravelled paths, disdaining all assistance. I remember when the Princess Charlotte, of Belgium, was visiting our little Princess, that she was dreadfully shocked at finding her cousin of England, hard at work in her beds, with spade, and rake, and pruning-knife, using them all with equal zeal and satisfaction. The Princess Charlotte—as haughty then, in her short frock and trowsers, as she is now in her high place as wife of the Arch-duke Maximilian, and presiding over the vice-regal court of Lombardy—expostulated indignantly with her simple-hearted cousin on the "shameful impropriety" of a Royal Highness condescending to abase herself by such undignified and "vulgar" employment, and strongly urged her putting her beds into the care of a gardener. "But I *like* to do it all myself," returned our little Princess: "I should not take a quarter of the pleasure in my flowers, and vegetables, and fruit, if I had not raised them with my own hands. How could I be *proud* of my potatoes, and my early peas, and my tulips, and my peaches, if they had been raised by a gardener?" "But all that is exceedingly *vulgar*, and quite unworthy of a Princess!" exclaimed the little Belgian, with a haughtiness that would have become a Juno. "I do not see why it should be vulgar, and I do not not think it is," said the Princess Royal, digging away with might and main between her rows of potatoes; "all these things are given us by God, and what He orders cannot be vulgar. Besides, I *like* doing it; and instead of thinking it vulgar, I think it very nice to do it all myself—and I should be very sorry indeed to give up doing it!" There never was a more disagreeably haughty little lady than the Princess Charlotte; but our Princess was so good and so amiable that she loved her cousin in spite of her frequent scoldings and lectures. On one of her visits to her Majesty coming to an end, our Princess cried a good deal when the day came for her to go. "Dear Charlotte," she said, "*do* beg my Uncle Leopold to let you stay another week!" The Princess Charlotte drew herself up to her utmost height, and answered, with a stern, rebuking dignity amazing in one so young, "My cousin, when one is a king's daughter, one never asks for such a favor!" Up to the time of her marriage, the Princess Royal still worked in her garden, being always particularly interested in her potatoes. These favorite tubers were the subject of all manner of experiments and improvements on her part; and she always insisted on supplying her mother's table with one dish from her beds. When she had anything especially fine, potatoes or anything else, she would carry her treasures to the Queen and the Prince in her apron, and insist on their being duly admired before sending them to the cook. With all this simplicity and activity, a warm lover of art a thorough musician, a beautiful dancer, thoroughly versed in history, geography, astronomy, and the other branches of ordinary knowledge, an excellent linguist, speaking all the languages of modern Europe with grace and perfect facility, most loving, affectionate, generous, and gracious, Prince Fredrick William may well feel that he has secured a treasure! Amidst the gaieties of her reception in Berlin, she reverts with her usual affection to the scenes of her childhood, and not a single letter has been received from her in which she does not beg that her garden may be attended to; such a bed is to be raked and weeded, such another to be planted, this tree is to be pruned, this rose bush to be tied up, or trained over such a spot of the wall, or such a pillar of the arbor; her beds of potatoes, as usual, coming in for the most minute and careful directions.——The projected visit of her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, to the Rhine, on whose banks it is thought that they will be received by the young pair and their illustrious parents, in a perfectly rural retirement of a few weeks, will, you may be sure, make her the happiest of the happy!——"Especially," added the Maid of Honor, in an aside to the hostess, "if it be true, as I have reason to believe, that the physicians of the Princess have lately counselled her to refrain for her usual rides on horseback for some months to come!"

JOTTING No. II.

"It was, indeed, a most singular affair, as my friend used to remark the only instance he had ever known, during the forty years he had been upon the Bench, of a man's being hung at his own request," observed the Earl of ———, in answer to a query addressed to his lordship, with regard to the crime for which a man was executed, some years ago, in the town which gives his title to that nobleman. "The case was briefly this, John Smith, a man of about fifty years of age, inhabited a house on the outskirts of ———, with his housekeeper; apparently without family, friends, or occupation. The house stood quite alone, in a garden, surrounded by a low wall, in the midst of cultivated fields; it was built, as such half country-houses are apt to be, with a centre part, and two projecting wings, a point of some importance to the comprehension of this singular affair. Nothing was known against John Smith, but he was, nevertheless, an object of universal dislike and suspicion. People thought him a 'bad man,' they knew not why. He never went out; and never received any one at his house, with the exception of a pedlar, who came twice a year to ———, and always passed one night in the house of John Smith. As you may remember, this pedlar, after one of these visits, was found in a quarry, at some distance from John Smith's house, quite dead. A bottle of poison, minus the stopper, was found in his pocket; and as there were no traces of violence on his person, it was supposed that he had come to his death by poison. His hat was missing; and his pack was empty of certain valuable objects which it was known to have contained when he had passed through ———, the day before. In vain did the authorities of the town institute every sort of search and inquiry touching the author and circumstances of this crime. Nothing could be discovered.

"But public sentiment persisted in attributing the pedlar's death to violence, and in pointing to John Smith and his housekeeper as the murderers of the unfortunate man. A laborer, who had been at work until near midnight, in a field overlooking John Smith's house, on the night of the supposed murder, had seen a light move down from John Smith's bedroom, in the upper story of the right hand wing, to the sitting-room, on the ground floor of the central part of the house; a light, also, descending, almost at the same time, from the housekeeper's bedroom, in the upper story of the left hand wing, and joining that in the sitting room, where they remained for nearly an hour, after which they went up stairs again to the respective bedrooms. This testimony, which proved that the inmates of the house had been on foot during the night which the pedlar had passed there, was all that could be elicited on the subject; but it served to strengthen the popular belief, and so general was the belief in their guilt that Smith and the woman were taken into custody, and examined with reference to the appearance of the lights on the night in question.

"Smith declared that the pedlar had supped at his house that night, but that he did not sleep there; that he had left about ten o'clock, alleging, as his reason for not spending the night with him, as he usually did on his half-yearly visits, the necessity of his being at D——, (about 18 miles away,) at an early hour next morning. He stated that after the pedlar's departure, he had gone up-stairs to bed, as usual, and that the housekeeper had done the same—With regard to the lights, he said that he was subject to attacks of colic, for which his housekeeper was accustomed to give him herb-tea; that being attacked in this way on the night of the pedlar's stay, he had come down to the sitting-room, and had placed his candle on the table, after which he called to his housekeeper, who came down in turn, gave him some herb-tea, and then went back to her room, he returning to his room. The housekeeper deposed to the same effect; and the house having been searched from garret to cellar without effecting any discovery, the two were about to be discharged when Smith observed, that his life would be made miserable by the suspicions against him if his innocence were not clearly proved, and insisted on being fully committed for trial, so that a verdict of 'Not guilty,' might free him for ever from the suspicions entertained against him. The Justice of the Peace advised him strongly to be satisfied with the negative result of the examination, but he would not be controlled. He was accordingly committed to prison, and, in due time, the trial came on.

"The testimony of the laborer concerning the lights seen moving through John Smith's house, on the night of the murder, was again brought forward, and again explained to the full satisfaction of the Court, who were about to dismiss the case for want of evidence, when the laborer, being questioned by the counsel for the prosecution, as to whether he could remember any other circumstance, however trivial connected with the appearance and disappearance of the lights, replied, that 'he thought not, unless it were, indeed, that the lights in the sitting-room had suddenly disappeared for about half an hour, as though some dark body had been suddenly interposed between them and the window, and again withdrawn previous to their return to the respective chambers of Smith and the housekeeper.'

It was observed by those who were looking on that the prisoner changed countenance at this observation, the first sign of emotion he had betrayed during the trial.

"Is the table in the sitting-room a fixture, or is it movable?" demanded the prosecuting counsel of the prisoner.

"A fixture," returned the latter, in a scarcely audible voice.

"My Lord," said the counsel, turning to the Judge, "I beg that the proceedings may be suspended for half an hour. In that time I think I can confidently promise that this case will have assumed a very different aspect."

The suspension demanded was acceded to by the Court, and the counsel for the prosecution, accompanied by the proper officers, hastily proceeded to the dwelling of John Smith. The wall of the sitting-room was an unusually thick one, so that the window formed an embrasure of nearly two feet, but no sign of shutter or of door was visible.

"Let fly at that wall with your picks, my friends!" said the counsel, pointing to the side of the window. The men did as desired, and with a dozen heavy blows, made an opening in the wall, which was seen to be hollow, forming a closet. This opening was speedily enlarged, and on entering the cavity thus disclosed, the missing contents of the pedlar's pack were found stowed away, with various other objects of value, on the shelves, together with the hat of the unfortunate pedlar, and a stopper which fitted exactly the bottle of poison found in the pocket of the murdered man. This closet had a spring-door, which when opened masked the window, but, when closed, could not be seen.

On returning to the Court—where the excitement of the public was intense—the counsel for the prosecution desired that the housekeeper might be again placed in the witness-box.

"*Was it you, or your master, who opened the closet-door?*" demanded the counsel, as the woman took her place at the bar.

"My master," returned the latter, utterly thrown off her guard by the suddenness of the inquiry, and supposing everything to have been discovered.

Denial being now impossible, the wretched man confessed that he had poisoned the pedlar, had put the bottle into his pocket, in order to cause a suspicion of the pedlar's having poisoned himself, and that, after having rifled his pack, he had, with the aid of the housekeeper, carried the body of his victim to the quarry, and had felt himself so safe from all trace of evidence that he had dared the judicial inquiry whose results had been overwhelmingly against him. The result of this most remarkable example of bold and rapid induction was that the murderer was executed, as you know," continued the Earl, "furnishing, as was so well remarked by my friend—" the only instance, perhaps, on record of a man's undergoing capital punishment at his own request." "

QUANTUM.

☞ "Philosophic Radicals" of the Benthamite school, whose fundamental idea is, *Responsibility*, say, Concentrate everything upon one man. Boards are screens, said Bentham, and Councils are little better. Radicals, not "Philosophic," hold fast to the Representative principle, and insist upon deliberation and discussion. This educates a people in and to freedom: it makes men, though in the making the young one stumbles oft, and so learns the ques of pain, and how to take care of himself.

☞ Mrs. Rugg, a widow, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied: "Oh! I have got rid of my old Rugg for a good Price."

ACQUITTAL OF DR. BERNARD.

The *London Times* of April 19th, gives the following account of the closing scenes on the trial of Bernard, charged with being a party to the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon, and with being thus guilty of the murder of one of the parties killed by the explosion.

Immediately at the conclusion of the summing up, and before the jury had retired,

The prisoner, with much warmth of tone, vehemence of gesture and rapidity of utterance, exclaimed: I declare that the words which have been spoken or quoted by the Judge with reference to the balls are not correct, and that the balls which were taken by Giorgi to Brussels were not those which were used in Paris. I have brought no evidence here, because I am not accustomed to compromise any person. I declare that I am not a hirer of assassins and that Rudio, as he stated on his trial in Paris, himself asked to be sent to Orsini. I declare that I have not hired assassins, and that of the blood of the victims of the 14th of January there was nothing in my heart more than in that of any one here. My only wish is to crush despotism and tyranny everywhere. To effect that I have conspired, and I will conspire ever, because it is my duty, my sacred duty, and the duty of every lover of liberty, to do so. But never, never, will I be a murderer.

At the close of this address, so unlike anything one is accustomed to hear in a criminal court in this country, the jury retired to consider their verdict, it being then twenty minutes to 3 o'clock. They had been absent upward of half an hour, when the intimation was given that they had agreed upon their verdict. Instantly silence was restored, the prisoner was placed in the dock, and the audience waited with breathless interest the announcement which was to decide his fate. After a few moments of anxious suspense, however, it transpired that the jury had not agreed, but that the mistake had arisen probably from their sending some communication to the judges, and the prisoner was again removed from the dock. Then there was another long interval, during which the anxiety of the crowd seemed to deepen as the time wore on. The spectacle which the court then presented was of the most animated and exciting description. The small gallery immediately over the dock, and accessible to the general public, was densely packed. In front of it sat several well-dressed ladies, who had been unable to obtain more agreeable accommodation in other parts of the building. All the more favored seats on the bench, and in its immediate vicinity, had been occupied from an early hour in the morning by persons of rank and station, many of them ladies. Others, as the crisis approached, made incessant applications for even standing room within the precincts of the court, and the complaisance of the ever-obliging under sheriffs was taxed to the utmost to comply with their wishes. The members of the bar stood in groups discussing the incidents of the trial, and speculating on its probable result, as did also the greater part of the audience. On the floor of the court was seen, in conversation with another, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance and manners, an advocate of the French bar, who had defended Pierri on his trial in Paris. Precisely as the clock struck 4, an intimation was given that the Jury were returning, and in an instant the loud hum of conversation which had prevailed for upward of an hour subsided into profound silence. The prisoner reappeared in the dock. The Judges entered and resumed their accustomed places on the bench, and the Jury, who had been absent for an hour and twenty minutes, answered to their names as they were called over in the usual way, the prisoner, whose face was flushed with emotion, looking wistfully in the direction of the jury-box, as if to discover, by anticipation, some faint omen of his fate.

Mr. Clark, the Clerk of Arraigns, addressing the Jury, said:

Gentlemen, are you agreed upon your verdict?

The Foreman—We are.

Mr. Clark—How say you—is Simon Bernard guilty or not guilty?

The Foreman—Not guilty.

On the announcement of this decision a scene occurred unexampled, perhaps, in an English tribunal. From the galleries first, and then in an instant afterward from the floor of the court, proceeded a loud shout of exultation.—The cheering was again and again repeated—the excitement was contagious—and many of the ladies of quality present waved their handkerchiefs in token of their delight. Vainly did the Lord Chief Justice endeavor, by voice and gesture, to still the tumult, and as powerless were the stentorian lungs of Mr. Herker, though exerted to the utmost, to restore silence. The prisoner, who was extremely excited, flourished his pocket handkerchief over his head, and several times attempted to speak. By this time the verdict had reached the ears of the crowd assembled outside the Old Bailey, and the rapturous cheer which they raised, and after repeated, could be distinctly heard within the Court. The Judges, unable, and perhaps unwilling to check this spontaneous ebullition of popular feeling, but yet not liking to sanction it by their presence, rose to depart. The look of Lord Campbell at this moment was of itself a study. Slightly ruffled at the defiance which had been shown to his authority, his Lordship still retained his good humor, and seemed disposed to yield a momentary homage to the *vox populi*. It may be reasonably presumed that he could not have been indifferent to the result of a trial in which he had played so conspicuous a part; but whatever his feelings may have been in that respect, it was impossible for a spectator to divine them from his countenance.

Bernard at length made a successful attempt to be heard, and addressing the Jury, said, with much vehemence of manner:

Gentlemen: That verdict is an expression of the truth. I am not guilty, and it proves that in England there is and always will be liberty, which will crush tyranny, whatever and wherever it may be. All honor to an English Jury! [Renewed cheers.]

Of the Paris papers, the *Patrie* comments on the acquittal of Bernard with much moderation. The *Moniteur* (official) quotes a London evening journal for the account, and gives no comments of its own.

The *Debats* has the following: "We have just received the *Globe*, which contains Mr. E. James's defence of Simon Bernard. The general tone of this defence is such that *we dare not* reproduce it." The *Constitutionnel* contains an article, signed by M. Rence, the director, in which it says—No honest man in France or England can doubt the guilt of Bernard. We will only say to those of our neighbors, who desire the maintenance of good relations between the two countries, that if the speech of Mr. Edwin James—filled with gall, with calumnies, and with insults against the Emperor, the people, the army, and our institutions—should unfortunately be circulated in France, in the cities, the barracks, and the country towns, it would be difficult for the government—with the best intentions—to stay the effects of public indignation. The following is the article of the *Univers*:

"An English Jury has acquitted Simon Bernard. The English people have saluted with hurrahs the crowning act of the proceeding.—The English Judges, though compelled to retain the accused, have, as far as they could, associated themselves with the scandal of his acquittal, by admitting him to bail. It is all complete, and it is all disgusting. Nothing is wanting. While the trial was proceeding, Mazzini published a pamphlet, which was copied by several papers, and in which insolence and insults against the Emperor exceed the most revolting in guage which the refugees ever prematurely used. If the English Government did not wish for this result, *The Times* it is that rules public opinion. If it wished for such a result, in that case *The Times* has been the organ of its ideas. In either case, France is enlightened as to the real feelings of England. As we neither answer for, nor are the champions of modern civilization in general, and of English civilization in particular, we have nothing more to say. Between two powerful and friendly nations arises a discussion on what may be called the *question of assassins*—one of these two nations decides the question to the detriment of the other, and in favor of the assassins. This is the last feature and one of the most remarkable of European policy in the nineteenth century. Let us be candid, and add that in the real position of affairs, the infamous cheers of the London *prætorium* appear to us far preferable to the dull compliments with which the Municipal Council of Dover fatigued the frankness of the Duke de Malakoff on the previous day. In their display of loyalty, these compliments were no doubt very English, but the cheers raised in triumph for Simon Bernard were the heart of England herself."

[We may add that the Director of the *Constitutionnel* was censured by the Government for his remarks, and dismissed from his situation by the managers of the paper.]

The Paris correspondent of *The Globe* says: "As to the acquittal of Simon Bernard, whatever be the feeling under epaulettes, the great mass of Parisians are rather pleased than otherwise, as far as I can gather."

EUROPEAN NEWS.

Queen Victoria had been reviewing 15,000 troops at the camp at Alderhill, and General Pelissier was expected to visit the Queen at the camp.

The Dusseldorf Gazette starts a rumor that Queen Victoria is again in an interesting situation.

Money continued over abundant, and the best bills were readily negotiated at two and a quarter, and, in some cases, two and one-eighth per cent. Applications for discount at the bank were extremely light.

The returns for the Board of Trade, for March, show a falling off in the exports, of nearly a million and a half sterling, as compared with the same month last year.

The United Service Club, of London, had given a grand banquet to the Duke de Malakoff. The Duke of Cambridge presided. Pelissier, in returning thanks, said that his appearance among them would recall the recollection of the glorious alliance of the two countries, and his greatest desire was to be hailed as the representative of a loyal, firm and dignified policy.

His belief was that the basis of a complete and lasting alliance was that the honor of one country should never be sacrificed to the honor of the other. He came among them with an open and friendly hand, full of respect for their institutions and their sovereign, and it was with the utmost sincerity that he joined in the toast drank in her honor. He trusted that the prosperity of England and the alliance with his country might endure forever.

Pelissier's reception was most enthusiastic.

The operations on the Atlantic cable were going actively forward. The U. S. steam frigate Niagara would be compelled to leave her berth at Plymouth on the high tide of May 15th, or remain another month, as her great draft would prevent her getting out, except at the highest stage of the tide. The experiments with the new paying out machinery were giving general satisfaction.

Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a criminal information against Dr. Lees; also a writer on temperance. He had charged Gough with being intoxicated and using narcotics. This was disproved by affidavits. Lord Campbell said that it was not a case for the Court to interfere, and the rule was refused.

FROM CHINA.—Hong Kong dates are to the 15th of March. Canton continues tranquil. An imperial edict was received on the 6th of March. Yeh's conduct is condemned, and he is degraded, and a successor appointed. The latter is to settle the disputes with the barbarians who, excited to wrath by Yeh, had entered the city.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Shall we come out of it all, some day, as one does
from a tunnel?
Will it be all at once, without our doing or asking,
We shall behold clear day, the trees and meadows
about us,
And the faces of friends, and the eyes we loved
looking at us?
Who knows? Who can say? It will not do to
suppose it. —*Amours de Voyage.*

☞ FATE OF GENIUS.—The editor of Robinson Crusoe wrote two hundred books and ten pamphlets, and then died insolvent. That shows how just is the definition of an author, as a benevolent being, who, having nothing in his pockets, gives away his brains.

☞ A coroner's jury, in New York State, lately returned a verdict that the deceased person "came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

☞ A gentleman from Boston, who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied, "Oh, he is one of those men who have soarings after the indefinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pays cash."

☞ A young lady out West thus gives vent to her overcharged feelings:—

I bring thee a heart, love, a stainless heart,
As fresh and as pure as the mountain snow,
Still echoing back, with a clearer strain,
The song that you taught it long ago.
'Tis an humble thing,
The gift I bring,
Yet my all, my fortune and my store;
And I bring it to thee—I can bring no more.

What more could her lover ask? A stainless heart, a fortune, and a *store*!—possibly a dry goods store! Hold on to that gal.

☞ Rochefoucauld said that "Scandal is always popular, for it is certain to please two classes of the public; namely, the enemies of the man who is abused and his—friends."

☞ The civilians carried the doctrine of presumption so far as to hold every will void in which the heir was not noticed, on the presumption that his father must have forgotten him. From this, as Blackstone reasonably conjectures, has arisen that groundless vulgar error of the necessity of giving the heir a shilling, or some other nominal sum, to show that he was in the testator's remembrance.

☞ A United States Senator, in a recent speech, referred to the Supreme Court, and said that "a long line of distinguished Judges culminated in a *Marshall*," referring to the late and illustrious Chief-Justice. The types, in reporting his speech, made him say that the long line of Judges had culminated in a *nut-shell!* which certainly was a very different affair.

☞ "ALL TALK AND NO CIDER."—This expression is applied to persons whose performances fall far short of their promises. It is said to have originated in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, at a party assembled to drink cider, at which one of the guests thought that too much time was wasted in preliminary conversation.—*Notes and Queries.*

NEWS ITEMS.

CURIOUS ROBBERY.—In New York, Sunday before last, about 7 o'clock in the morning, a colored woman, with pail and scrubbing-brush in hand, called upon a locksmith living in the upper part of the city, and requested him to go with her and pick the front-door lock of the lace store of Mr. Ambrose L. Moore, No. 761 Broadway, so that she might get into the store and scrub the floor. She further told the locksmith that the key had been carried away by one of the clerks, and that Mr. Moore had been to her house and ordered her to engage some person to take the lock off. The locksmith, suspecting nothing wrong, opened the door for her. On Monday morning the door was found unfastened, and laces to the amount of $1,500 missing. Only the most costly laces had been stolen, the ordinary goods not having been disturbed.

THE high church Episcopal sons are greatly scandalized at the indiscretion of Rt. Rev. Bishop (Mallaine) of Ohio, who is just now sojourning in this city. The Bishop actually went to a prayer meeting yesterday, over a dry goods store, in Broadway, and acted as leader, among Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists; and what is worse, the hymns he gave out to be sung on the occasion were from the Union Collection, and not from the Book of Common Prayer.—*New York Correspondent of Ledger.*

TOO MANY TRADERS.—The present number of stores in New Hampshire is 2,700, or one to every twenty families of half a dozen persons each.

SIX thousand bushels of Canadian wheat that had been in storage at the mouth of the Genessee river, were sold on the 30th ult. for $1.02 per bushel. It would have brought $1,20 per bushel last fall.

ON Saturday night week, at 9 o'clock, with tired and swollen limbs, and nearly incapable of speech, James Lambert concluded the task of walking for one hundred and five consecutive hours without rest or sleep, in Worcester, Mass. He is but 22 years of age.

JAMES OAKLEY, near Stone Ridge, Ulster county New York, recently, in digging to enlarge his cellar, came upon a depot of gold and silver coin that must have been buried there for over sixty years. The coins consisted of four gold pieces—one a Josepinus, a Portuguese coin of the date of 1754.

A VERITABLE seal was caught in Chaumont Bay, Jefferson county, New York, on Monday week. How it came there is a puzzler. It weighed 85 pounds, and measured three and a half feet in length. It had a beautiful coat of gray, mottled with spots of a lighter hue, a sun-dog nose, with teeth to match and a couple of holes in the side of the head in the place where the ears ought to be. The animal is the first of the kind ever caught in that section.

DURING the debate on the Navy Estimates recently in Parliament, Mr. Drummond called serious attention to the state of the national defences, pointing to the antipathy that prevailed against England on the Continent, and characterising the state of affairs in Europe as more unsettled than at any time since the death of Pitt.

THE FROST AT THE SOUTH.—The papers from the Southern States mention the severe frost and cold weather that visited that section of the country during the past week. In North Carolina there was a fall of snow, and in the western portion of the State ice was visible. It is feared that the fruit has been destroyed; and corn and cotton injured.

FROM KANSAS.—The Convention to nominate State officers met at Topeka on the 28th ult., and nominated H. J. Adams for Governor; Col. Halliday for Lieut. Governor, and Gage Conway for Congress.

The Legislature of Ohio have repealed a law which gave to trustees the possession of church property. By this act Archbishop Purcell becomes the sole owner of all the Catholic church property of Ohio.

A TEXAS paper says the young ladies thereabouts are making great ravages on the grape vines, taking them for hoops.

EARLY WHISKERS.—A lady residing near Washington, last week, presented her husband a bouncing boy, who had a full, bushy pair of whiskers.

POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA.—The San Jose Tribune estimates the population of California at 597,000. The estimate is based upon the returns of the local assessors. Of this population 332,250 are Americans, 38,500 Chinese, 15,000 French, 15,000 Mexicans, 10,000 Irish, 2,000 English, and about 4,000 colored persons.

THE DECEASE OF SENATOR EVANS.—WASHINGTON, May 7.—Senator Evans, of South Carolina, after attending the session of the Senate yesterday, had dined with his colleague, Mr. Hammond, and left for home about 10 o'clock, apparently enjoying his usual good health. He was attacked with disease of the heart or apoplexy, shortly after reaching his lodgings, and died in a short time after. He was 71 years of age. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon from the Senate Chamber.

THE Kansas Bill will be officially despatched to-morrow, by Governor Denver with instructions designed to secure a fair vote on the proposition to be submitted to the people.

A SHOAL OF ANCHOVIES.—The Semaphore de Marseilles states that a shoal of anchovies, chased by tunny fish into the roadstead of Toulon, were in such large quantities that the harbor assumed the aspect of vermicelli soup, and 1,000,000 (300,000 kilogrammes) of these delicate sardines were secured. Buckets, hats, handkerchiefs, and baskets were replenished *ad libitum* during Easter week, the affrighted fish not daring to leave the shore while the tunny squadron was off the coast.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS, it is said, does not intend to bring out any more serial tales.

WHEN GOOD SAILORS TAKE IN SAIL, LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS.—It is currently reported that the money kings of Europe, the Rothschilds, have been for the last two or three months realizing cautiously, but unusually, many of the securities they hold, both in London and Paris.—*N. Y. Post.*

SALTY.—The Rev. Mr. Whiting charged the society at Mr. Lamoheur's installation in Exeter, N. H., to be kind to their minister, and pay his salary punctually and to remember that *salary* originally meant a Roman soldier's stipend, a part of which was in salt. It should, therefore, be always enough to buy a minister his salt, which, he thought, was sometimes hardly the case.

THE Mayor of Pittsburg has commenced a crusade against the lottery dealers in that city.

THOMAS R. BRANAGAN, of Westmoreland Co., Va., committed suicide on the 25th ult., because a lady rejected his offers of marriage. The lady evidently was right.

A CHANNEL FLEET.—The British Board of Admiralty have resolved immediately to commission a channel fleet, which the London Times says has caused very general satisfaction through the country. The Government had in commission on the 1st of April, 1858, 278 ships, mounting 4,798 guns, with 44,804 men, exclusive of marines, at home, and those serving on shore in China.

"AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."—The crevasses on the Mississippi, that have caused so great destruction to plantations and other property, have been the means of reclaiming much worn out and waste lands. Many plantations, it is said, that have been abandoned for years, will be greatly enhanced in value and rendered cultivable by the deposits of alluvium and vegetable matter left by the muddy water of the river, which has overflowed them. So, what is one man's loss, is another's gain.

THE COST.—The Des Jardines Bridge disaster has already cost the Great Western Railway over one hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars, and there are still three or four unsettled cases.

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

FUNCHAL.

"Funchal" is the chief town and only seaport of the island of Madeira. It is situated upon the south side of the island; fronted by an open roadstead, and backed by steep and towering mountains which rise to an elevation of over six thousand feet. The town is built upon the side of the mountains and is in the form of an isosceles triangle, the base running along the sea, and the vertex being two and a half miles up the mountain. I do not mean to say that all of the enclosed space is covered by houses and streets, for such is far from being the case; still they are sufficiently numerous to show the "isosceles triangle" lit up by their lights when a ship approaches the land at night. In the very vertex of the angle is situated the Church of Nossa Senhora del Monte (our Lady of the Mountain), a Romish chapel which is visited by almost every one who goes to Madeira.

We anchored off Funchal during the forenoon of Sunday, the 27th, after a sixteen-days passage. We were immediately boarded by the "health officer" and governor's aid, the former of whom readily admitted us to *Pratique* upon ascertaining that we were from the United States, and the latter of whom presented the compliments of his Excellency, the Governor, to the captain. Upon being informed that we had an Ex-President and lady on board, they seemed surprised at the total absence of everything like ceremony, and were still further "non-plussed" when, upon being introduced to them, they were received with such condescending politeness. These miserable Portuguese have not the spirit to realize the liberal nature of our society and institutions—they cannot imagine former power, divested of its attendant rank and homage. They are, without question, the most degraded of civilized people.

As these two gentlemen took their departure, Mr. J. H. March pulled alongside. Mr. March is well known to all who are judges of Madeira wine—both in Europe and America. For years out of time he has supplied them with the most choice vintage, and now, though wine is no longer produced on the island, he still occasionally opens his cellar doors and rolls out a few thousand gallons to partially replenish the exhausted market. He had been notified of the intended visit of the Ex-President and lady, and now came on board to take them to his palatial Quinta (country house), as his permanent guests. His house in town he placed at the disposal of the officers, and as there was no mistaking the sincerity of the invitation, several of the mess who had no watch to keep on board, regularly took up their quarters under its extensive roof, free of all expense. Every day, from five to seven of us dined at his Quinta, walked through its beautiful grounds, and ate superb oranges from the loaded trees. I myself went but once, being "keeled up" with a disabled hand the second day after our arrival.—And now for our trip to the "Mount Church."

We had just commenced our first breakfast after letting go the anchor, when the Falstaff like surgeon commenced beating up for volunteers.

"Who'll go to the Mount Church?" he exclaimed, in his large, honest voice; "I'm off as soon as I can get on shore! Smith and I are going to see the heights."

"I pity the horse that takes you up that hill!" said a laughing voice.

"Pity!—humph! I weigh less than two hundred now! what are you talking about? Come!—come! Let's make up a party!"

But this proposition of the great medicine-man to mount horses and climb to an elevation of two thousand feet above the sea, met with a decidedly cold shoulder. We had to enjoy the trip alone, though most of the mess subsequently followed in our tracks. Behold us, therefore, I and this great man of flesh and medicine, and honest, jovial good humor; behold us stepping cautiously into the "copper boat" as she rises and falls upon the bad "chopsea" which breaks against the ship's side, pulling swiftly toward the shingle beach, upon which the heavy swells break violently, and laughing and talking as we glance upward at our destined elevation. As we neared the shingle beach, we noticed that the surf broke with unusual violence—so heavily in fact that had we had to pass through it even in our "copper lifeboat," we should more than probably have been swamped in the attempt. The considerate kindness of Mr. March had, however, provided for this emergency. We found one of the flat-bottomed, treble-keeled surf boats of the natives, awaiting us outside of the "third roller." This boat pulled alongside of us with the lightness of a cork, and the up and down activity of an India-rubber ball, when we stepped into her with some difficulty, and sent our own boat back on board. We found an "upright piece" at her stern and how to steady oneself by when about to jump, and saw at a glance that the two boatmen knew very well what they were about. We were jumping up and down at a fearful rate, and the surf breaking under our stern and surging up the steep shingle beach, a mass of boiling foam. There was no *danger*, however, for the same feat was hourly performed by a *dozen* other boats; nevertheless, it was enlivening—almost exciting.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the surgeon, "these fellows will drown us yet! It's a good thing you're 'born to be hung,' Smith—your being along will save us!"

"Those fellows know what they're about! They're used to this kind of work!" I replied.

"Not fear, gentleman! All righty!" exclaimed the after boatman, by way of encouragement. He evidently thought that we were alarmed, whereas we were only elated by the excitement of the scene.

"Now, doctor, look out for that sogdologer!" I exclaimed, as a huge billow towered toward our receding bow. We were backing in "stern first," and the threatening roller passed harmlessly under our buoyant stern, and cast us bodily toward the beach.

"All righty, gentlemens," encouraged the boatman; "all righty—sitty still!"

As he thus "encouraged," they both "held water" for a moment, and as a "smooth time" came, backed strongly astern through the rolling foam. Now our keel grates upon the rolling pebbles, and four other boatmen wade out up to their knees, grasp the unsteady gunwales, and run us up "high and dry." Our stern is still in the surf, however, and as it slaps us on either cheek we roll uneasily from side to side.

"Hold hard to the stern-piece, doctor! Now's the time!—jump!" And after a healthy spring we sink ankle deep into the loose and polished stones, and trudge heavily through their inclined and yielding surface to the massive stone pier on our left. Fortunately this unsteady walk is only thirty yards long. We overcome that distance, emerge into the street leading to the "Plaza," (public square,) and are at once surrounded by a crowd of beggars, horse boys, horses, boatmen, and outsiders generally.

Our situation can well be imagined while thus besieged by such an army.

The horse boys were individually and collectively anxious that we should ride each and every horse. The latter were impatient and fretful in the hubbub, and dangerously indifferent as to treading upon stones or toes. The beggars (of all ages and sexes) were evidently at death's door from hunger, judging from their frantic appeals; and the boatmen seemed determined to know whose boat we would patronize at night—our own boats not coming on shore after sundown.

We quieted the excitement of the horse boys, and added to that of two of their animals by mounting the latter, gave the beggars a "bone of contention" in the shape of a sixpence among a score, and informed the sons of Neptune that we were sick of the sea, and hoped to remain away from the ship for an indefinite period. Then we touched our horses with chestnut switches, and with a horse boy hanging on to the tail of each, bade "the party" a smiling adieu, and trotted noisily over the stone paved streets.

"Confound those fellows! They think Americans are *made* of money!" said the doctor, indignantly. "Did you *ever* see such beggars!"

"Let go my horse's tail!" I exclaimed, turning to the boy, who I now for the first time noticed holding on with one hand, while with the other he flourished a white horse-hair-fly-brush. "Let go his tail! you dejected pedestrian."

"All righty! gentlemen. No force. (It matters not.)"

"Hello! you speak English!" I said. "What's your name?"

"Jesus Maria! Mio Senhor. (Jesus Mary! my gentleman!) You go Mount Church?"

"Yes! we are going to the Mount Church. Do you call this a good horse?"

"Oh, *velly* good hoss! Come all way from England, dat hoss. English gentlemens come here; bring hoss; when go way, stop hoss; Jno. Cross buy hoss three hunder dollar."

"The mischief!" I exclaimed. "*Three hundred dollars?* Too much!"

"Oh, not too muchy, gentlemen. Hoss *velly* good. Suppose hoss *not* velly good—three hunder dollar too muchy. *Dis* hoss *velly* good—three hunder dollar not too muchy."

Thus being informed we passed over the only few hundred yards of level streets, and arrived suddenly at the foot of "the climb." These streets of Funchal are well worthy a passing notice. They are crooked and irregular from the nature of the ground; are from twelve to fifteen feet wide; are lined on each side by black walls made of hewn pieces of volcanic stone; (which walls are sometimes those of a garden, and at others the often windowless side of a house,) are often fearfully steep, with rushing streams flowing down their *clean* gutters; and are invariably beautifully and *lastingly* paved—Mosaic-like—with small flinty stones, whose edges have been rounded by the constant action of the sea shore surf. And here I will remark that these "rounded, flinty stones" are found along the shores of all volcanic regions—they form what is called a "shingle beach." Over the hard and resounding pavements which they make, horses trot or gallop with their iron shoes, and create such a clatter that it is difficult to keep up a conversation. They are "noisy" roads, but capitally adapted to insure a horse's footing while he is toiling slowly up the almost inaccessible heights which prevail over the entire island. The heads of the large nails with which their shoes are all armed penetrate the crevices, and prevent everything like a slip. Were it not for these projecting "heads," no horse could either ascend or descend those inclined planes of polished and slippery stone. Even the dwarfish oxen that move along with such comparative silence before the uncouth looking sledges that here supply the place of hacks are shod on the fore-feet. Don't smile at the idea of a "sledge drawn over stones by oxen" taking the place of a hack, reader. Such a thing as a "hack" would be ludicrously out of place in the streets of Funchal; whereas I have taken more than one slipping, sliding, sajolting, and generally delightful ride in those queer looking sledges behind those dwarfish but plump and untiring little oxen. Hurrah! for sleighing in the tropics in a "Bull-sledge." But let us return to our climb.

"Have you noticed, doctor, how the ground floors of all these houses are paved like the streets? The only difference is that the stones are smaller and—dirtier."

"Yes! and a fine idea it is to keep children from falling down. I expect they soon feel the difference between them and a mud puddle. My goodness! how filthy they are—so different from the polished streets," and the cleanly swept courts of the higher classes."

"Mio Senhor!" here broke in our dejected pedestrian; "walk *velly* straight. I hole hoss tail?"

"No you don't! George Washington," I replied. "The horse cost *three hundred dollars*. It won't do to 'double-bank' him."

"Velly well! No force! Can walk all same!" And the dejected one did walk the whole way without further complaint, and was then infinitely fresher than the horse to whose tail he would have hung.

"By Jove!" suddenly exclaimed my companion, pointing ahead with his right hand. "By Jove! did you ever see anything more brilliant than that? I call it grand! Look at it and weep."

I looked, and behold a dense bed of honeysuckle—the flowers more than three inches in length, sprinkled here and there with pea-green leaves, and covering the whole surface of an old grape arbor—the contrast of colors being intensely striking, and the outer edge drooping—ivy-like—over the black lava wall, and forming a shed that would have sheltered our entire party from a shower which we soon encountered.

"Yes! it's beautiful!" I answered. "Hey! Jesus Maria," what's the name of that flower?"

"No sabe, gentlemen!"

"'No sabe!' Eh!" commented the doctor. "You're a smart fellow for a guide. Climb up there, sir, and get me some of those seeds. By Jove! Smith; I must start that creeper at Pensacola. I'll astonish the natives."

Jesus Maria executed the commission with monkey-like agility, brushed a quantity of adhering lime and sand from his hands, and then, from sheer force of habit, caught hold of the coveted tail.

"Let go!" I exclaimed, swinging the end of my long chestnut switch across his unprotected rear. "Paws off, Pompey!"

I subsequently learned that a single thickness of ordinary cotton fabric alone, intervened between him and the end of said chestnut which sufficiently accounted for the ejaculations: "Oh, Caramba!" (oh, my goodness!) and the hurried rubbing which ensued.

"Will you take a chew of tobacco, Maria?" I asked by way of assisting him to rub away the irritation.

"Ah! tobac! tobac velly good, gentlemen.—In Madeira no have tobac. Portuguese no like Madeira people plant tobac. When grape stop grow, Madeira people speak Queen in Lisbon, 'let plant tobac in Madeira,' Queen speak 'no.' Now have got punkin. No grape! no tobac! Ah! dis *velly* good tobac. *No force!*"

This remark in regard to the quality of the tobacco was ejected with an aspiration of tenderness impossible to describe. Turning over the half which he had put into his mouth with active relish, he transferred the remainder to his pocket with the prospective observation, "I maky he smoke bum-by!" and seemed to forget all about his rearward trouble. We still continued our tug at "the climb." It seemed endless. We arrived at the summit of one hill only to find ourselves at the foot of another.—We never found a level stretch of even a few yards to break in upon the constant strain. It was all up, up, up.

"I think we'll have rain, Maria;" I remarked, as a heavy cloud folded itself over the over-hanging peaks, and, clinging to the mountain side, seemed descending upon us with a drenching shower.

"Oh no, gentlemen! not fear! always look so! *No force!*"

It was of some "force," however, for in less than five minutes we met a mist, then a drizzle, and, finally, a sharp shower.

"Ah! my boy, why didn't you bring your umbrella along?" triumphantly queried the doctor. "I expected something of this sort."

"So did I," I replied dryly. "Here, Maria, you stay out here with the horses and the doctor, and get wet, while I retire into this unpromising pulperia (grog-shop), and keep dry. 'Not fear! always look so! no force.'"

"Hold on, man, your *saddle* will get wet if you leave it," protested him of the umbrella.

"Well, then, *come* for gold!" I added, holding a new half eagle so that the light shone full upon it.

Quick as thought she darted forward, and then half hesitated before the burst of laughter which greeted her sudden activity. While thus confused she shyly received the sixpence at which she had shaken her head, and then turned to regain her corner.

"What's your name?" I asked, catching her by the arm.

"Catarina!"

"How old is Catarina?"

"Four years!"

"Come! come!" exclaimed the lover of fresh air, impatiently. "It's nearly done raining. Let's be moving."

The aged couple bowed to the ground before the powerful sixpence, Maria and friend followed us, leading the dripping horses, and we commenced the remainder of the ascent on foot, slipping backward every now and then, and once, even coming down to our hands and knees—the rain had made the steep smooth surface so very slippery. Fortunately we were breasting the last hill, and upon gaining its summit we found ourselves at a turn, rounding which, we came to the foot of a flight of fifty or more stone steps, the upper one of which was flush with the broad stone porch of the "Mount Church." We ascended these fifty steps, stood under the projecting roof of the building, faced the sea, and saw the Powhatan and other shipping, anchored two thousand feet below us, and distant in a straight line about two miles. I have already exceeded the length of my letter by half a column.

* This name really seemed like blasphemy to me when I first heard it on the same island seventeen years since, but I have since then met so many Spaniards and Portuguese who answered to it, that it no longer sounds even strange. It is common to both sexes. I once knew a brother and sister who both bore it. The name of the brother was Jesus Maria Antonio Vitteri, and that of the sister, Jesus Maria Antonia Vitteri—a difference of but one letter.

* The steepness of these streets is at least productive of *one* benefit—every rain washes them perfectly clean.

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE.

[The following touching poem, which will be read by many with tears, was written by Mrs. A. Stuart Monteath a Scottish lady, and author of "Lays of the Kirk and Covenant:"]

One time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd,
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child!

A summer gift, my precious flower was given;
A very sunny fragrance was its life;
Its clear eye soothed me as the blue of Heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss
With outstretched arms its care-wrought father greet—
Oh, in the desert what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart—
A few short months, else toilsome all and sad;
But that home solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying!
(The prophet's gourd—it withered in a night!)
And He who gave meall—my heart's pulse trying—
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
But gradual faded from our love away;
As if still, secret down, its love that cherished
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My Blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly he eased me for his own;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me, as its birth had done.

And daily to my board, at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade its mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in Heaven;
Gazing the while on death—without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made—
Our little lamb by God's own hand redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished,
And I too loved erewhile at times to stand,
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew that to his cradle lying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast.

'Twas a fair sight—the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild;
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping—
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still, as he sickened, seemed the doves, too, dwining—
Forsook their food and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it when she rose, sad hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of hearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too as if of its heart chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo,
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained, and parted too!

'Twas my first "hansel" and "propine" to Heaven!
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts—once an infant given
And offered with two turtle doves to God!

A STEAM ENGINE EXPERIMENT—A SCARED CLERGYMAN.—The first English model of a steam carriage was made in 1784, by William Murdoch, the friend and assistant of Watt. It was on the high-pressure principle, and ran on three wheels. The boiler was heated by a spirit lamp; and the whole machine was of very diminutive dimensions, standing little more than a foot high. Yet, on one occasion, the little engine went so fast that it outran the speed of its inventor. Mr. Buchle says, that one night after returning from his duties in the mine at Redruth, in Cornwall, Murdoch determined to try the working of his model locomotive. For this purpose, he had recourse to the walk leading to the church, about a mile from the town. The walk was rather narrow, and was bounded on either side by high edges.

It was a dark night, and Murdoch set out alone to try his experiment. Having lit his lamp, the water shortly began to boil, and off started the engine with the inventor after it.—He soon heard distant shouts of despair. It was too dark to perceive objects; but he shortly found, on following up the machine, that the cries for assistance proceeded from the worthy pastor of the parish, who, going towards the town on business, was met on this lonely road by the hissing and fiery little monster, which he subsequently declared he had taken to be the Evil One *in propria persona*. No further steps, however, were taken by Murdoch to embody his idea of a locomotive carriage in a more practical form.

Fancy a clergyman on a dark night, in a deserted road, seventy years ago, meeting a little locomotive engine without driver or attendant, whizzing directly at him! This was fifty years before George Stephenson, by combining the experience of the world with his own ideas, made a practical working machine of the locomotive.

☞ He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—*Charron.*

INFLUENCE.

There is something very wonderful in the law of arithmetical progression, when it is first presented to the mind. That one or two insignificant digits, by a short series of simple intermultiplications, should grow into a number too vast for the human mind to grasp, seems almost incredible, until the experiment has been tried. But strange as this is, there is something in the moral world analogous to it, which, if clearly apprehended, ought to excite emotions in our minds far deeper than curiosity or wonder. We allude to the law of influence. "None of us liveth to himself," said St. Paul; and there is profound truth in the remark. Every man is linked to those around him by a thousand unseen ties. Let him "mind his own business" never so closely, and withdraw himself from his fellow-men so far as it is possible to do so, and yet there will be those whose character, life and destiny are sensibly affected by him. Nay, more, there will be trains of moral influence started by him, which will spread and widen, like the circle produced by dropping a stone in a still lake, until perhaps thousands feel the wave, without knowing whence it came. He cannot rid himself of this mysterious power—this fearful responsibility. No resolution of non-intervention in the affairs of others will insure him against it. Consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly, he must wield an agency which will make others better or worse. He cannot live to himself. Even death will not open to him a door of escape from this responsibility. His influence will live after him, in those whom he has associated with, in the words he has spoken, in the letters he has written, in the places he has haunted, in the house where he dwelt, in the works which his hands have left to others, and even in the grave where he is laid. "Oh, that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!" exclaimed a dying man. But it cannot be.

A party of gentlemen were once travelling in Maine in a stage-coach, when a discussion arose whether it is right to deceive another for his good, as in the case of "brown-bread pills," &c. One of the passengers, who had sustained his part in the argument with ability and candor, exclaimed with earnestness, as he was just leaving the coach, "*Do right*, though the heavens fall." That casual remark, dropped by a stranger, attracted the attention of a reckless young man who was returning home from his first term at college. It stuck in his mind until it became his motto and resolution, giving direction to his whole future life. He returned to college a different man, and in subsequent years he reached a position where he was enabled to exert a wide and salutary influence upon many other young students.

A poor pedler of ballads and books once sold to an English family a religious volume entitled "The Bruised Reed." That volume, in connection with a part of another book belonging to a servant in the family, gave a religious direction to the mind of Richard Baxter. Who can say how many thousands have been made better by the ministry and the pen of Baxter? And who can conceive of the vast wave of moral influence since set in motion, by the thousands who have been led by Baxter to a knowledge of spiritual things? Had the pedler left a doggerel ballad or a demoralizing book in that family, might not the destiny of thousands have been changed by that simple and seemingly trivial act?

"Two youths," says Rev. Dr. Todd, "may feed their flocks on the plains of Campania, and they may quarrel, though brothers. The more savage may kill the meek one, and this savage character shall be impressed on a mighty empire, and this scene of violence shall be the influence which shall increase till the spirit of Romulus is breathed into all that mighty kingdom, and Rome treads her way over the nations, with an iron heel, a dagger in her hand, and the savageness of murder in her heart. Had Remus stamped his character upon the infant colony, who can say that shepherds, instead of warriors, had not occupied the plains of Campania?"

It has been ascertained by a recent scientific writer that there is a literal sense in which the material creation receives indelible impressions from every human being who lives upon the earth. "The word which is now going out of my mouth," he says, "causes pulsations or waves of air, invisible to human eyes, which extend in every direction, till they have passed around the globe, and produced a change in the whole atmosphere. Nor will a single revolution complete the effect; but the sentence I am now uttering, shall alter the whole atmosphere through all future time." It is hard to comprehend this astounding induction of science; but we do know that similar effects are produced in the moral world. Our every look, and word, and act, is daguerreotyped upon the sensitive mental organizations around us. We may not see the impress, but it is there—not for a few hours or years, but *forever*; for we have reason to believe that the mind never utterly loses an impression it has once received.

Since, then, none are so humble as to be exempt from this responsibility, and none are able to divest themselves of it, what a motive does this truth furnish to us for a consciousness and exemplary discharge of the duties of life! We do well, surely, to ponder it, and to ask ourselves whether the perpetual stream of influence we are sending forth, is blessing or blighting those who come in contact with it. What has gone forth has gone forever—it can never be recalled. We have no power except over the present and the future; and let us beware how we exercise this, lest, in our eleventh-hour repentance, like "Karin the fair," we hear sad voices around us, crying,

"Mourn for us, then, while you pray,
Who might have been, but never may."

—*N. E. Farmer.*

☞ One striking provision of the memory is that we beautifully forget what should not be remembered. And though the general rule has been enunciated by the autcority of Quintilian that the recollection is in proportion to the genius, yet a defective memory is not demonstrative proof of a lack of genius. Sir Isaac Newton, when questioned as to a past discovery of his own, hesitated and was confused; yet he could invent a reason on the spot, if demanded.—*Emerson.*

INSENSIBILITY OF THE LOWER ANIMALS TO PAIN.

A leech, whose anatomy is of the same class with that of the worm, may be divided in the middle while it is sucking blood, and be so little disturbed by the operation, that it will continue feeding for several minutes. Nay, there is a vulgar, though we believe an unfounded notion, that half a leech is better than a whole one. The blood which goes in at one end finding an outlet at the other, the animal is not gorged, and the common people fancy that a divided leech will, in consequence, do the duty of a dozen. They have, at least, sufficient faith in the theory to reduce it to practice, the economy being the motive.

Insects stand higher in the scale of animated beings, but they are heedless of casualties which would be death or torture to man. The dragon-fly, says Professor Owen, may be regarded, from its great and enduring powers of flight, and size, and perfection of its organs of vision, and predatory habits, as the eagle of insects. He speaks of its head as being covered by two enormous convex masses of eyes, numbering upwards of twelve thousand in each mass. He states that the swallow cannot match it in its aerial course, and that it not only outstrips its swift and nimble-feathered pursuer, but can do more in the air than any bird, can fly backwards and sideling, to right or left, and alter its course on the instant without turning. He describes its brain as being in keeping with the rest of its prerogatives, and having a larger development than in any other insect.

Yet we learn from the "Entomology" of Kirby and Spence, that, when the tail of one of these beautiful creatures was directed to its mouth, to see whether its known voracity would induce it to bite itself, it actually devoured the four terminal segments of its body. When it had proceeded thus far in the work of self-demolition, it escaped by accident, and flew away as briskly as if nothing had happened. Whatever may have been the pain, it was at least subordinate to appetite, and apparently the animal had not the slightest suspicion that every mouthful was bitten from its own living flesh. It cannot surprise us, after this, to be told that many an insect which has been impaled by the scientific collector, will eat with as much avidity as when free and unhurt.

Mr. Hope informed Mr. Rowell that once he had a carniverous beetle which got loose, and, in spite of the pin through its body, it wandered quietly about, and devoured all the other specimens in the case. "The cockchafer," says Kirby and Spence, "will walk away with apparent indifference, after some bird has nearly emptied its body of its viscera; and an humble bee will eat honey with greediness, though deprived of its abdomen."—*London Quarterly Review.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S CONVERSATIONS.—Chemists have before now taken hints from this all-accomplished student. What will they say to the following?

"29 Sept. 1628.

"This day Sir W. R. fell to discourse to me of the wonders he had done for the benefit of the kingdom, how much he had spent for the service thereof, in discoveryes, &c., and after fell to tell me of his inventing the means to mak salt water sweet by furnaces of copper in the forecastle; and distilling of the salt water as it wer by a bucket putting in a pipe att once, and within a quarter of an hour it will run lyk a spiggott, so that he hath by that distilled water given 240 men every day quarte a piece and the water as sweet as milk. From that he fell to telling me upon my questions the cause of the saltness of the sea water by mountains of salt in most places and saltpeeter upon every rock and cliff contrary to Aristotle, and that the cause of the greenness of all things that grows out of the erth is by the vitriol that is in the erth which is the salt of the erth, for lett a man with water gett all the salt out of erth, ther will nothing grow ther."

A PRAYER.—In the 18th century, one John Ward, of Hackney, M. P., for Weymouth, England, was expelled the House of Commons for forgery. At the death of this conscientious senator, there was found among his papers, in his own handwriting, a characteristic prayer, thus beginning:

"Oh, Lord, Thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London; and that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple in the county of Essex. I beseech Thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquake; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of Thee to have an eye of compassion also on that county; and for the rest of the counties, Thou mayest deal with them as Thou art pleased. Give a prosperous voyage to the Mermaid sloop, because I have not insured it. Enable the bank to answer all their bills."

And so on.

BYRON AND LANDOR.—There is a story that Lord Byron was once told that it was the intention of Walter Savage Landor to introduce him satirically into a new "Imaginary Conversation." "If he does," said Byron, "I'll certainly call him out." When Landor heard this, he replied, "Well, I did not really mean to show up his lordship in a 'Conversation,' but now I will. You may tell him that though he prides himself upon being a good shot, I am a better. Byron's hand trembles; mine is steady. I would undertake to strike off his nose with a pistol-shot without grazing another feature of his face." This is said to have silenced the handsome nobleman, who, though he did not fear death, had a horror of mutilation and deformity.

WHAT BECOMES OF DEER'S HORNS?—What disposition do deer make of their horns when they drop them? I live within twenty miles of Corpus Christi, Texas. I will draw a circle, the diameter of which is six miles; in that circle there are from 5,000 to 8,000 deer daily; say that one-half of them are bucks, and they have all dropped their horns within the last ten days, (this is an open country.) Myself and men are daily riders, and still we do not see a deer horn on the prairie. I have been a close observer for the past six years, but without any success.—*Cor. N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

VAGARIES.

Oft, as I sit at evening,
Alone, by my fading fire,
Pining, I ken Cinderella,
With restless vague desire,
Comes Fancy, a quaint godmother,
And taps my brow with her hand,
And turns me into a lady
Of some far, foreign land.

Now, I'm a Spanish donna—
A black veil's broidered fold,
O'er the wealth of my gathered tresses,
Depends from a comb of gold;
With a wave of my light rebosa,
I inane heedless hearts;
From the shade of my drooping eyelash,
Love, ambushed, shoots his darts.

I walk to the old cathedral
That stands in the sunny square,
With rosary, cross, and missal,
With penitent, pious air;
I kneel to my Patron Lady,
Where the light falls dim and faint—
And no one can hear Alonzo
Call me a fairer saint!

Now, a Venitian beauty,
Beneath the summer moon
I glide, in my swift gondola,
O'er the breast of the calm lagune;
Or, where a thousand lustres
Shed light in a ducal hall,
Flit 'mong the merry masquers,
The merriest of all.

Now, in a rich seraglio,
I lounge 'mid heaped-up shawls,
Drowsed by narcotic odors,
And tinkling fountain-falls;
Of coffee, and tea, and sherbet,
Sipping with languid grace,
Or in my glass surveying
My fair Cashmerian face.

Now, I'm an English countess—
The pride of ancestral earls,
Heaves, on my swelling bosom,
The delicate lace and pearls.
Now, in a Russian palace,
With grand, imperious mien,
And eyes outflashing my diamonds—
I tread, an ermined queen.

Then Fancy, the changeful fairy,
Takes me as *I* was made—
Maugre a nose not classic,
And hair of doubtful shade—
And sets me down in a cottage,
Just over the way from ours,
With the prettiest bright bow-window,
And door-yard filled with flowers!

She sets me down in the cottage,
But up I rise, straightway,
To loop back a snowy curtain,
Or alter a fresh bouquet;
To smooth my hair at the mirror,
And to make the room look neat—
For I see a loved form coming
Adown the village street!

—*He* is no false ideal,
To melt away in air;
He passes each day my window,
As I sit sewing there—
And I say, "O kindly Fancy!
Beauty, wealth, rank and all,
Are pleasant—but I'd be happy,
With Arm and this cottage small!"

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

I was getting besides board only three dollars per week; but the shell-getters were earning each six dollars a trip, and could make two trips a week. I thought I must try my hand at shell-getting. One of the boats took me in, I making the fourth. They had found a very rich bed of shells, and proposed to hire a second boat; and that I, with one of themselves, should keep constantly boating, whilst the other two kept filling. The shells were found on the muddy edge of the large watercourses connected with the harbor; covered over with mud from one to four feet deep; but when reached, lying in solid beds of several feet in thickness. They were the ordinary cockle shells. In digging them out and shovelling them into the boat, the men were often for hours together in water up to the hips. It was salt water, and did them no damage; but as the summer passed away and chilly weather came on, they complained of a general abstraction of heat from the system.

I and my mate kept running our trips pretty steadily for some weeks. Winter came on. One "raw and gusty day," or rather night, for it had got to be more night than day: the lights in Sydney just beginning to be visible; the wind moaning with a sort of subdued and sullen violence, and bursting every now and then in flaws right athwart our course; the whole width of the harbor just opening before us: our boat as usual loaded down to the very gunnel, and a hundred feet of water under our keel—we heard from a few rods ahead a sudden and terrible cry, the cry not to be mistaken of some one on whom Death had sprung like a wild beast. The cry so startled us as to break the measured stroke of our own oars; for we were rowing to the hair's breadth to keep the boat from "wobbling," or we, too, must have gone under; the water in the vacant places left for us to stand to row being already half way to our knees, and of course as deep among the shells. Nor dared we stop to bail, for one oar was all one man could work, and to have lost our headway would have been to sink. The boat of another gang, heavily loaded as our own, had been ahead of us. We judged it to be its rowers whose shrieks we heard. We dared not stop, but we kept hailing as we passed over the spot. No sound replied. We crossed the harbor, and gained the wharf. No boat was there before us. For an hour we lingered in the rain and wind, but no other boat. We knew then whose voices were silent forever, whose forms lay on their lone, wet, sandy bed, whose souls were in the place of unalterable destiny. One said, "Poor Harry had his watch in his pocket; and there it lies with him now ticking time for him, and he in eternity."

There had not passed many weeks more before we had an escape, that was barely one. The water as we crossed the harbor kept every now and then rolling high aboard of us. Before we got through the rough water we could hardly work the long oars to make any headway; so deep did we lie between the short, broken swells.

I began to get serious; not fearing death, but that which might be beyond death. I began to feel that human life might really be all the Bible said it was; human death the same.

So long as I had seen little or nothing of evil I might doubt the superiority of good. But now there was no doubt in my mind of its superiority in all points. I began to be vexed with myself for ever having been misled as I had been. And yet it was not altogether my own fault. A relative of great learning and ability had once said in my hearing—"We know nothing about the real nature of things." The remark passed uncontradicted; he was a Christian; would certainly not make such an admission if it were not true in fact. Was there then, I said, in everything a hidden substratum, and it the greatest, the capital part, the reality? Was there a reputedly real life after death, which, like the mirage, should fade as we drew near it, utterly away? Yet this was what had been said by one of accepted piety and learning. For if what he said was true in little things, it must be more surely true in great, they having the most reality. When the remark was made I was too young to know that it was intended to apply merely to their objective character before the intellect; and not to them in their moral character to us subjectively. Taken, as I took it at the time, it was probably the most mischievous fallacy that could have got lodged down in the depths of an analyzing, skeptical mind. All the utterer meant to say, as he has since told me, was that man cannot comprehend things up to their intrinsic, radical essence, as the Creator can. The immediate injury meantime, which the misconception inflicted on me was incalculable. If, I thought, the real nature of things is unknown to us, what a fool's errand are we on all the time!—upwards may be downwards in reality; and, for all we know, backwards may be sideways;—a circle may be a misconceived square; and as for a triangle very likely it is a cross. It will be easily understood how the terms good and evil in a mind thus conditioned would soon become representative of mere abstractions; and how those abstractions themselves would finally become valued only as modes of classifications arbitrarily assumed, and to be as arbitrarily laid aside. But the hour was now come for me to get from under the sorcery of this terrible spell. A very few years in the active world had called into existence a measure of the faculty of common sense. "Reality!" I said; "who tells me that I know not what reality is?—that I know nothing about the real nature of things? Does not the fire scathe, and the water drown? That is their reality to *me*. It is what everything is in its relation to *me*, which constitutes its real nature so far as I am concerned. If they have some other character to beings of another nature, that is not their real nature to *me*; and so long as mortal or immortal life may last, can never do me either good or harm. I know full well the real nature of things, now. Forward!

From this day then, I began to go forward. I felt like one who a long time swimming for dear life amidst darkest night and weltering surf, finds his feet in happy hour once more on solid ground. But as many a well nigh drowned man forgets in this first instant of precarious hope that it is still ill-omened night, and that many a rod of treacherous water full of rocks, where he shall stumble, and holes where he must swim, yet lie betwixt him and the safe dry land; so I too rating the beginning as the end, made far too sanguine a first estimate of my whereabouts. The good God help us all! What little children in knowledge we are to the very day of our death!

Meantime let me by no means disparage what little I did begin to know. It became deposited in my mind, like a well-laid foundation for a sound superstructure. Good and evil were realities. And whatsoever brought me a certificate of good effects was good, and whatsoever came before me with the stigma of evil effects, was evil. My moral nature and the moral nature of my fellows was a sound test of the effects. Furthermore, happen it how it might, the Hebrew and Christian Sacred Books spake truly; they were an accurate standard of good and evil. The Hebrew branch commenced the process and defined an earthly morality so perfect, that if faithfully carried out by all together, the result would be in life a perennial peace, and its result in the article of death an instinctive hope, sufficient to carry the departing cheerfully on his way into the unknown land. But the Christian, going yet further, advised him even whilst here of a still more perfect way, a celestial morality, which whether authentic or not, whether it were genuine or not, did certainly this:—It clothed his spirit with a resplendent beauty, gave him love for his life blood, and serenest peace for his atmosphere. Wherefore, because this was indubitable fact, and because the man so constituted here must be happy hereafter, if there were any hereafter to be happy in, the Bible and the Bible's morals, and the Bible's good and evil were blessed and beneficial things. They were realities, because they affected us in the highest way. They were good, because they affected us in the most benign way. Reduce the case by the power of the stern dilemma, and how looked it then? *If this system be wrong; at death, the Christian cannot, from the very nature of man as known here, lose more than the infidel; may retain what he cannot.* So that the chance is all on the Christian's side here. *But if the system be true, then at death the infidel loses all, and the Christian gains all.* So that here too the Christian has the advantage. And whether Christianity be true or false, the Christian's position is a safe one; the infidel's certainly most precarious, and possibly horrific beyond conception.

This was about the amount of my first serious thoughts. But they came to very little in practice. I had observed that death was very easily incurred, and perceived that some effect must follow. I began to feel unwilling to experience it till I could see more surely *what* that effect was. Lastly, it was become clear to me that as yet I was on the unsafe track. Still infatuated as I was, I gave no more than now and then a passing thought to the subject. Danger at an end, so were my serious reflections.

At length three reiterated narrow escapes, together with another yet more startling, brought me to a determination to give up shell-boating. From the period when I settled down so contentedly at the Sheer Hulk, and saw as much of the worst sort of ruffianism, I lost much of that whole-some cautious and proper pride, which ordinarily prevents men from associating with the openly base and criminal; whilst, in the shell-getting, there was not a man I had had to work with, that had not been a convict. Besides our own boats there was one other in the harbor employed in getting material for lime; only, its crew got stone from a quarry up the Parramatta River. The boat belonged to the Government, and was manned by Government hands, men still under sentence. Its crew, as it was a barge, amounted to five, six, and sometimes seven. Being in the same trade, our crews were friendly with these men, and as they were on bare regulation rations, always helped them when they ran short, to a piece of meat, or flour, or tobacco; so that there was a sort of friendly equality, though they were still prisoners. One day our rations were nearly out, and no load ready for Sydney; the Government boat bore in sight going down; it was proposed for me to get aboard and go to Sydney, and bring out some rations that night when it returned. I went. Among the crew were two young men who had been born and bred smugglers on the English coast. These, of course, were rather favorites with me. Bolder hearted youths, or more honorable, or most honest, except in the single article of smuggling, could not be found in the world. So when we had all done our business—they discharged their load, and I got my supplies aboard ready for starting—we loitered, taking glass after glass at one of the wharf taverns, till it was almost dark. Before we were right clear of the wharf it was night. The wind had been blustering all day, and had now got up so as to be blowing half a gale. All went right enough in the boat except plenty of noise, till we began to open the mouth of the river. Then all on a sudden one of the hands took it into his head to stab another for something that had passed between them in the public house. One of the young English smugglers, who was the captain of the boat, saw the knife rising, and judging the murderous intent, struck, without a word of warning, at the offender, and knocked him clear overboard. In the confusion of stopping the boat and getting the man on board again, one of the rowers let go his sweep for an instant and lost it. The next instant, in the still greater confusion of both the man and the oar to be struggled for, the other rower lost his sweep. The man was rescued, but both oars were gone. The tide was running out, and outward we went with it. The boat, fortunately just about ballasted, behaved well. It was as dark a night as clouds could make it; and there we were, all pretty well sobered, going out to sea as fast as the tide could carry us. If we could make the gang on Goat Island hear us, they had a little boat and could come off to us, and we could then tow them in. If we missed that chance, we should in all probability go out to sea; and then all was over. But we did drift past the island close enough to make ourselves heard. They came out to us, and we took their oars and towed them in; and stayed in their huts till day-light. This adventure decided me. I felt that my warnings had been ample.

A couple of men whom I knew, were going up the country, to a part where there was said to be plenty of work. I had money in hand, and I determined to go with them. I shall ever remember the morning on which we started. Winter had worn over, and the succeeding spring, and it was now hot summer again. The bush fires had broken out, and the whole country was one vast conflagration. It was scarcely daylight when we began our journey, and we had about three miles of a forest path before reaching the main road from Sydney. The crashing down of great limbs and of whole trees, as we passed among them, was so incessant as to put one in mind of the file firing of a regiment of infantry. We of course took care to incur very little danger, by observing the condition of every tree before we passed under it. But the mere crash of the falling timber, in such a densely timbered tract, mingled with the sullen roar of the innumerable blazing trees, amidst such fierce gloomy scenery, were appalling enough without much actual danger. There were monstrous trees blazing from root to top, and sudden volcanoes of sparks, and great fires roaring away in tree-heads at a hundred feet from the ground, with nothing apparently supporting them, all seen through a dense choking smoke. Wherever we travelled for several days, the whole woods were either still afire, or scathed and black and bare, and still smoking from the recent passage of the flames.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—We may inquire, when we see the dangers to which we are exposed by some negligence or some imperfection in the construction of lightning conductors, whether it would not be better to do without them, than to run the risk of drawing down the lightning without being sure of being able to preserve ourselves from its attack. We must, however, remark that when lightning falls upon even imperfect lightning conductors, it never occasions so much damage as when there are no lightning conductors. However, we conceive that, perhaps, what would be preferable in all cases, would be to make it a rule to cover the ridges of the roofs with sheets of tinned iron, taking care to make them communicate well with each other, and with the waterspouts, and taking the precaution of plunging these latter a little deeply into the ground, so as to establish between them and the moist earth, or the water situated in the neighborhood, a good metallic communication.—*De La Rive's Electricity in Theory and Practice.*

THE INFIDEL MOHAMMEDANS.—The conscientious observances by the Mohammedans of their religious rites must strike every one. A French cab driver one day remarked to me—"You may give an Arab any amount of money you will, and you cannot get him to move a finger for you on one of his holy days. And he's right," said the man; "I work both Saints' days and Sundays, and am none the richer for it." If a Moor wishes to ingratiate himself with a Christian, he says—"I am your friend: I eat pork, drink wine, and do not believe in God."

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.

"Il faut choisir.—Il faut être ou poète ou philosophe!" —*Consuelo.*

I love them both! And must I make my choice?
Can I not follow fair Philosophy,
Yet sometimes listen to the Muse's voice,
When the heart longs to speak, and thou art nigh?

Oh, never bid me stifle the loved tone
That whispers to our nature, sadly sweet!
With power to touch the heart with plaintive moan,
Or thrill with tales where love and battle meet,
Or purer impulse of the soul to greet.

And never ask me to renounce the lore
Unfolding to my gaze fair Nature's page.
Still be my guides unto the distant shore,
The poet's heart, the wisdom of the sage!

Wisdom that scorns the poet's tenderness,
That cannot love the beautiful and bright,
And is not moved by sorrow and distress,
Hath never read the page of Nature right.

And genius that would scorn the low'ly way
Which leads to truth, although by millions trod,
Might humble violets twine with haughty bay,
And learn from children how to soar to God.

There's worldly wisdom, and there's poesy's art,—
Both of this earth; but in their nobler sphere
The sisters twain may teach an erring heart,
Reclaim from sin, and guide in love and fear.

PRINCES THEIR OWN FOOLS.

The Spanish royal family of the last century affords us an instance of the heir to the throne not only being his own fool, but of his raising his friends to the dignity of folly by conferring on them its insignia. Lord Ligonier, the husband of one of Alfieri's worthless idols, was English ambassador at the court of Madrid during a portion of the reign of Charles III., which lasted from 1759 to 1788. After Ligonier's introduction to the King, he was conducted to the apartments of the heir to the crown, the Prince of Asturias. The latter was, subsequently, that Charles IV. who was his own Queen's especial fool throughout the term of their married lives. As Lord Ligonier approached the prince's chamber, he saw issuing therefrom a number of grandees, each wearing, with proud gravity, a fantastic fool's cap. On inquiring the meaning of such a pageant, he was informed that his royal highness possessed the fancy of distinguishing his most cherished friends as his "fools." The prince, too, was often pleased to confer this mark of his favor on celebrated foreigners. Lord Ligonier was alarmed. "I represent," he said, "a great sovereign; and am myself a foreigner not altogether unknown. I must add, that my gracious master would be seriously offended if the Prince of the Asturias were to think proper to cover the representative of the King of England with this decoration. You had better go in, sir," said he to his introducer, "and say as much to his royal highness." The reluctant official undertook the mission; but he presently returned with the intimation that the prince could not give up an old established custom. Upon which, Lord Ligonier turned on his heel, declaring that he would not visit a prince who thus exposed an ambassador to insult. The court officials were thrown into a state of amusing terror by this declaration; they maintained that if the ambassador retired, it would be a flagrant insult on the prince. Ultimately, and after many messages and countermessages had passed between the prince in his room and the English envoy in the ante-chamber, announcement was made that the Prince of the Asturias would not attempt to clap the fool's cap on the head of Lord Ligonier. His lordship consequently entered the apartment, but not without being more than usually vigilant against surprise. He found the sage prince with his back to the hearth, and with his hands behind him. The prince remained in that position, and invited the ambassador to approach. The English lord obeyed; but as he advanced, he perceived that the prince held a paper object, and the ambassador stopped short to converse with his royal highness at a very respectful distance. At the conclusion of the interview, he had to bow low; but, as a sailor might say, his weather eye was open, and he watched the prince narrowly. The latter was resolved upon effecting his object, and as narrowly watched the ambassador. The bow was almost at its lowest, when the prince, seizing the most favorable opportunity, suddenly brought the fool's cap from behind him, and endeavored to fix it on the head of Lord Ligonier; but the old soldier who, by one glorious action at Lafeldt, had disconcerted all the projects of Marshal Saxe, was not to be foiled by a foolish prince. As soon as his eye caught sight of the cap, his hand was upon it, and almost as soon it lay crumpled up beneath his foot. His sudden action nearly threw the prince out of his equilibrium; and leaving that illustrious fool's cap maker to recover himself as best he might, the old warrior quitted the apartments with a smile of scorn upon his lip. —*Dr. Doran's History of Court Fools.*

INCREASE OF A POTATO.—Some years ago, a gentleman visiting a farmer in Tolland, Connecticut, took from his pocket a small potato, which somehow had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer taking it in his hand to look at it, a curious little boy of twelve, standing at his elbow, asked him what it was. "Oh," said he, "nothing but a potato, my boy; take and plant it, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at the time. The boy, however, not despising small potatoes, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes, and put them into the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall, and planted in the spring, and so on till the fourth year, when, the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels! The farmer seeing the prospect that the potato field would, by another year, cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise.—*Genesee Farmer.*

☞ When God contemplates some great work, He begins it by the hand of some poor, weak human creature, to whom He afterward gives aid, so that the enemies who seek to obstruct it are overcome.—*Luther.*

MY THIEF.

I am an officer in the East India Company's service. We were in the extreme south of India, and were ordered to take up our station in a little town at the edge of an alluvial plain. We heard the order, however, with some dismay, for this town bordered on the territory of a certain little tributary rajah whose reputation was more than dubious. It is a delicate operation to discuss the petty failings of royalty, but the painful truth must be told; the prince was a thief, and a receiver to boot, while every one of his amiable subjects followed the same ancient calling.

You may inquire whereabouts his royal highness's dominions lie, but I am not at all sure that my worshipful masters of the Honorable Company would approve of my being very exact in that particular. The rajah is rather a pet with the Council at Madras, and in good odor in Leadenhall Street and Cannon Row, for he is punctual with this tribute, though somehow he always takes back with the left hand what he pays with the right. So I must content myself with observing, that this potentate reigns near the river Cauvery, and not very far from the Ghauts.

On arriving upon the frontiers of his light-fingered highness, we were strongly advised by the garrison whom we came to relieve, to pay black-mail to the rajah, and to hire a certain number of his people for our protection. On this subject there was a difference of opinion, and most of the ladies protested vehemently against admitting such allies within their doors.

"It's the only plan, I assure you," said Jack Tompion of the artillery; "these fellows respect no houses but such as contain one of their own tribe. Mere vigilance is useless. They'd steal the eye-teeth out of your head without your missing them."

Then followed a long catalogue of predatory doings, evincing, certainly, wondrous dexterity and craft on the part of our unpleasant neighbors. Still, the ladies declared they could never sleep comfortably with a thief, "a wretch of a thief," in the house, until the old colonel lost patience, and silenced his wife by alluding to an oft-lamented crimson satin, which an ayah was more than suspected of having cut up into turbans and loongees for her two swarthy sons. Then every lady present took up the cry, and amid endless tales of domestic trickery and pilfering, declared that never, never, never were such dishonest servants as theirs.

"Then," said Jack Tompion, "can one more thief in each bungalow be so very formidable?" And so the matter was settled.

"But, Jack," said I, "if one hires a thief, can one rely on his vigilance?"

"Set a thief to catch a thief!" answered the artilleryman pithily.

"And will he be trustworthy?" asked Mrs Colonel Pypeley.

"Honor among thieves!" responded Jack, who, in proverbs, was a match for Sancho Panza himself.

So we hired thieves—that is to say, the majority of us, for some obstinately held out, headed by the police magistrate, who thought it *infra dig.* to bargain with plunderers, and chose to trust to his own grim-faced peons. Well, we took possession of our bungalows, bought mutton and poultry, beat the jungles for peafowl, and sent a foraging party of reckless subalterns to kill snipe in the swamps, and explore for wild hogs. On the whole, we made ourselves pretty comfortable, barring a trifle too much heat and a few fevers. But we, who had fed and housed thieves, soon had cause of self-congratulation. All the obstinate ones suffered. Mrs. Girder's fat poultry were conjured out of a walled yard in open day; the adjutant's pistols were taken from under his very pillow; a six-foot hedge of prickly pear did not save the chaplain's plump sheep; and while the paymaster lost a bag of rupees from a Bramah locked chest, his wife's pet Arab horse, a pretty white creature, with just the pinkish nose and long tail that ladies love, was conveyed out of a stable in which slept two armed syces, with a grass cutter lying across the threshold, and a watchman with a lantern hard by. Endless were the laments, terrific the apprehensions. Guards were posted, sentinels doubled, traps set, but all to no purpose; something vanished daily. Young Hall's new uniforms, fresh from Buckmaster's—Lieutenant Straddle's big Australian mare, the Flyer, that had won the Bellary handicap, and run second at the Ascot meeting, were missing on the same morning.

Then the police magistrate's turn came. He had set our neighbors at defiance, and his whiskered peons had sworn great oaths that their swords should make mince meat of the first robber who should approach the verandahs where they kept ward; but, alas! one night the magistrate's house was thoroughly looted. Every coin, every weapon, the contents of all the wardrobes, every ounce of plate, down to the egg spoons, disappeared; and when the peons, who had smoked themselves stupid with hemp and opium, were aroused to active life by the kicks of their irate master, thieves and spoil were miles away, never to be traced to their lair, for nothing that crossed the rajah's borders could ever be recovered.

Still, such as had hired marauders had no reason to lament it. Mine was a civil, intelligent lad of twenty, with a handsome face and bright eyes. He slept all day, and by night sat in the verandah, a red paper lantern beside him, beating a small drum at intervals, and calling out in his own language, though he spoke Hindustani fairly. His presence kept all his kith and kin aloof, and I never lost the value of a single pice. When I passed, the lad would rise and gravely salaam, and I often conversed with him, and was much pleased with his ready wit and sense. I paid him good wages—about double those of a common chowkedar. One night I was awakened by a crash and clatter without, and the noise of a violent struggle. Pistol in hand, I darted out. A prostrate form lay on the ground, with a sack beside it, and another figure was crouching beneath the brandished sword of a man whose left foot was pressing on the breast of the first, while his left hand compressed the throat of the other. A number of bundles lay around, containing various portable articles of value, among which were my epaulets and my wife's bracelets and rings. A robbery had been evidently attempted, and frustrated by the gallantry and vigilance of—my thief.

Yes, to my unutterable amazement, I found the sprawling wretch on the ground was my trusty mussaulchee; the other fellow, whose teeth chattered with terror, my respectable butler, or khansumah; and the triumphant swordsman, who hailed my appearance with a cry of delight, was no other than my invaluable thief, who had surprised the rascals in the act of absconding with their booty.

"Upon my word, Ghoolab Ramdeen," said I, "upon my word, my worthy thief, you are the honestest fellow I ever knew in my life!" Will the reader say nay?

Now, improbable as the above narration sounds, I beg to assure those who doubt its accuracy that what I have related is strictly and literally *true*, and I have no hesitation in saying that few officers, who have been quartered in the extreme south of the Madras presidency, can fail to become acquainted, at least by report, with the robber rajah, his tribe, and the singular custom of thief-hiring.

BYRON AS A SWIMMER.

Trelawney in his "Recollections," says:—

"Byron used to boast of the quantity of wine he had drunk. He said, 'We young Whigs imbibed claret, and so saved our constitutions: the Tories stuck to port, and destroyed theirs' and their country's.' He bragged, too, of his prowess in riding, boxing, fencing, and even walking; but to excel in these things feet are as necessary as hands. It was difficult to avoid smiling at his boasting and self-glorification. In the water a fin is better than a foot, and in that element he did well; he was built for floating—with a flexible body, open chest, broad beam, and round limbs. If the sea was smooth and warm, he would stay in it for hours; but as he seldom indulged in this sport, and when he did, over-exerted himself, he suffered severely; which observing, and knowing how deeply he would be mortified at being beaten, I had the magnanimity when contending with him to give in."

At last Trelawney was compelled, in self-justification, to read Byron a lesson:—

"He had a misgiving in his mind that I was trifling with him; and one day as we were on the shore, and the Bolivar at anchor, about three miles off, he insisted on our trying conclusions; we were to swim to the yacht, dine in the sea alongside of her, treading water the while, and then to return to the shore. It was calm and hot, and seeing he would not be fobbed off, we started. I reached the boat a long time before he did; ordered the edibles to be ready, and floated until he arrived. We ate our fare leisurely, from off a grating that floated alongside, drank a bottle of ale, and I smoked a cigar, which he tried to extinguish—as he never smoked. We then put about, and struck off towards the shore. We had not got a hundred yards on our passage, when he retched violently, and, as that is often followed by cramp, I urged him to put his hand on my shoulder, that I might tow him back to the schooner.—'Keep off, you villain, don't touch me. I'll drown ere I give in.'—I answered as Iago did to Roderigo. '"A fig for drowning! drown cats and blind puppies. I shall go on board and try the effects of a glass of grog to stay my stomach."—'Come on,' he shouted, 'I am always better after vomiting.' With difficulty I deluded him back; I went on board, and he sat on the steps of the accommodation-ladder, with his feet in the water. I handed him a wine-glass of brandy, and screened him from the burning sun. He was in a sullen mood, but after a time resumed his usual tone. Nothing could induce him to be landed in the schooner's boat, though I protested I had had enough of the water. 'You may do as you like,' he called out, and plumped in, and we swam on shore. He never afterwards alluded to this event, nor to his prowess in swimming, to me, except in the past tense. He was ill, and kept his bed for two days afterwards."

Poor Byron! And he so proud of his swimming! All his Hellespontic laurels tarnished—

—a feat
Leander, Mr. Aikenhead and I did;

—no wonder that he lost his temper and kept his bed.

ONE CAUSE OF CORRUPTION IN FRANCE.—The social corruption which M. Trehomnais describes is openly avowed, but the cause is palpable. The French law of marriage requires that you should first (at whatever age you may have arrived) try to obtain the consent of your parents, failing which, you must serve them with certain notices. It was for want of these notices that a vicomte here caused his son's marriage with an Esslin lady to be declared null and void. The stringency of this law renders many marriages merely a *concubinage de mariage*, which leads to scandalous immorality, and to the small number of children born, and the still smaller proportion of children reared. Throughout France you will meet with a great number of cripples; and statistics prove that under the fine sky of France, and with a more plentiful diet than in England, the average duration of life is less than in Great Britain. As a still further proof how the State encumbers marriage, an officer in the army is not allowed to marry unless his wife brings him a dowry of £40 per annum. If the law of marriage is not altered, the consequences must be disastrous for France.—*T. L. Bokrens.*

ATROCITIES OF SPANISH GUERILLAS.—The retreat from Moscow he described in all its horrors; for when he pleased he could paint well, and delineate things as if he had poetry in his soul. I spoke lightly to him of the Spanish guerillas, and he corrected me. They were not at all formidable to regular troops prepared for them, but, notwithstanding this, they were among the most dangerous enemies in the world. It required incessant watchfulness to guard against their attacks. They were merciless, and destroyed all stragglers. Those led by the priests were horribly inhuman. He had known them strip French soldiers naked, tie them to trees, and over the heart fix, with a bodkin, a bit of colored cloth for a bull's eye, and then shoot them to death for amusement.—*Cyrus Redding's Fifty Years' Recollections.*

☞ A French writer calls dyspepsia "the remorse of a guilty stomach."

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE CODFISH BOUNTY.

THE OREGON BILL.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

SENATE.

On the 3rd, the morning hour was occupied in a discussion on Mr. Chandler's, (of Michigan) motion to appropriate $55,000 for the purpose of finishing the channel over St. Clair flats. The debate assumed somewhat of a party color, the Republicans wishing to make it a test vote on the question of internal improvement.

A substitute directing the Committee on Commerce to report on the expediency of making appropriations sufficient to preserve from decay the River and Harbor Works already commenced, was finally agreed to—yeas 23, nays 22

Mr. Chandler gave notice that he would, to-morrow, introduce a bill asking a special appropriation of $55,000, to complete the works at the St Clair Flats.

The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, objected to some items, but the bill was finally passed without amendment—yeas 26, nays 9. Those voting in the negative were Messrs Broderick, Durkee, Foot, Fisler, Harlan, King, Pugh, Trumbull and Wade. The bill appropriates over a million and a quarter of dollars. Adjourned.

On the 4th, the President sent to the Senate a communication from the Secretary of State, enclosing the correspondence relative to the recent outrage on an American Missionary family at Jaffa. Laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Mason's Paraguay resolution was taken up.

Mr. Collamer's amendment, offered last week, to strike out the clause authorizing the President to employ force, was voted and carried, yeas 31, nays 19.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, thereon moved that the resolution be laid on the table.

A bill, introduced by Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, permitting certain Hungarian settlers in Iowa to preempt their homesteads, was passed.

The bill for the repeal of the fishery bounties was taken up.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, made a speech on the social and pecuniary value of codfish, and argued that the bounties should be repealed.

Mr. Clay made a long speech, giving the statistics of the cod fishery. The bounty was at first granted because the fishery was momentous to the tonnage, commerce and revenue of the United States. At the time of the revolution the fishing vessels comprised one-sixth of the whole tonnage Now it is the one-forty-eighth. Then the export of codfish was one-sixth of the whole foreign commerce. Now it is but the six-hundredth part. Then it was productive of revenue. Now it takes out of the revenue $330,000 annually more than it puts in. An aggregate of twelve millions had been paid in bounties of which eleven millions had gone into the pockets of some fifteen thousand fishermen, or, more likely, some three thousand fish "owners" of Massachusetts and Maine. Moreover, the bounty was in reality a drawback or compensation for the duties paid on salt; it was regarded by the fishermen themselves, and so proved from the whole history of the bounty. It was besides, unconstitutional in principle, inasmuch as it is unequal in operation, there being virtually no difference whether a State like Massachusetts or Maine be exempted from taxation, or whether the taxes collected from other States be appropriated to pay their drawbacks. Further, this codfishing business is one which pays better than most others. Hence it wants no special legislation. He demanded the repeal of the counters, because they are unconstitutional, unjust, demoralizing, and have signally failed to accomplish the object for which they were originated.

The subject was then postponed till to-morrow.

Mr. Johnson's (of Tennessee) Public Printing Bill was read, amending the act of August 26, 1852

Mr. Johnson explained the scope of the bill, saying that it economizes a million of dollars annually, besides imposing checks on extravagance and plunder.

A desultory conversation ensued, resulting in two verbal amendments to section 8, and the insertion by Mr. Iverson in section 10, that the binder must be a practical man.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, made a speech against the printing for private distribution, which he considered a monstrous abuse, and altogether unconstitutional. He was in favor of printing only sufficient extra copies of each document, to send one to the archives of each county, to establish a political library for the public use.

Mr. King expressed his accordance with Mr. Brown's views, and would extend the privilege to incorporated colleges.

Mr. Johnson was also in favor of this, and would, at a future time, submit such a proposal.

The bill was then passed *nem. con.* Adjourned

On the 5th, a joint resolution, of which Mr. Seward was the father, giving three years full pay of her deceased husband to the widow of Captain Herndon, viz.: $7,500 was taken up.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, and Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, opposed the resolution.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, paid a warm tribute to the calm courage of Commander Herndon, and hopes to God that his conduct would be a precedent for American officers.

Mr. Seward said that Mrs. Herndon brought this matter to his knowledge, and brought it before the Senate. He was influenced by the incident that the last known words of the gallant officer was that he had sent by a rescued passenger his watch to his wife, that being the last estate he left her.

The resolution was then passed—yeas 32, nays 8.

Those voting in the negative were Messrs. Clay, Green, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson, of Tennessee, King, Slidell, and Toombs. Twenty-one Senators were absent.

The Fishery Bounty Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, being still slightly indisposed, the Fishery Bounty question was postponed until to-morrow, and Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, called up the Appropriation Bill for the Military Academy at West Point.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, said the Academy was a nuisance, and better Generals could be got out of a New Hampshire law school—General Pierce, for instance, who so far outstripped the West Pointers that it made him President.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, said that Martin Van Buren was a West Pointer, but it was doubtful if the curriculum of a West Point education be needed for every officer of the army. Too much attention to military details makes mechanics rather than soldiers.

The bill was passed—yeas 22, nays 9. The Senators voting in the negative were Messrs. Broderick, Doolittle, Durkee, Hale, Harlan, Johnson, of Tennessee, Pugh, Trumbull, and Wade There were twenty absentees. Mr. King, of New York, was absent, but Mr. Seward of New York, voted in the affirmative.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, submitted a resolution, which was carried asking information from the President as to what steps had been taken for the protection of the American commerce at Tampico and other ports of Mexico, during the present distractions in that country.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, from the Military Committee, reported adversely on various memorials asking a further equipment of militia of the United States.

The Vice President notified the Senate of the resignation of Senator Biggs, of North Carolina.

Mr. Mason's Paraguay resolution was called up, and the vote taken on Mr. Collamer's amendment of yesterday, precluding the President from using force. The amendment was lost—yeas 15, nays 25.

The resolution was then passed in its original form.

On motion of Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, the Oregon Bill was read.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, said he was ignorant whether or not Oregon possesses sufficient population, or can afford to pay the charges of a State Government.

Mr. Douglas said that the vote on the Constitution was seven thousand, which would indicate fifty-five thousand population, although probably more, and doubtless ten thousand over the number with which we admitted Kansas.

Mr. Seward.—Did I understand the Senator to say we have admitted Kansas?

Mr. Douglas.—I will answer the Senator very unequivocally. So far as this Congress is concerned, we have admitted Kansas. If she desires to come in under that bill, then our action is final and conclusive. If she does not so desire, then we have not.

Mr. Seward indulged in a silent laugh, but made no reply.

Mr. Gwin, of California, said a few words in favor of Oregon as a law-abiding and respectable Territory.

Mr. Seward said the Oregon Constitution has a clause excluding from the Territory persons of African descent, although free. Great as is his objection to voting for the admission of a State with any such provision, yet Oregon is an old settlement, inhabited by an industrious and respectable population, and it is not good to retain colonies or territories in a condition of pupilage longer than was necessary. There are States for whose admission he would not vote, with a million of inhabitants, and others he would vote for with fifty thousand. He would vote to admit Oregon.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, would admit Oregon, but in future will settle the demand of the census before admission.

Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, objected to its admission, for the reason that negroes are citizens in Maine, and equal with the whites, while Oregon Constitution denies them entry.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, was opposed to its admission for reasons which he stated at some length, and moved that the subject be postponed till December.

Mr. Wade, of Ohio, drew attention to the clause that classes Chinamen with negroes.

Mr. Wilson said that Massachusetts would welcome free Oregon, and would expect him to vote for it; but, at the risk of incurring censure, even from his personal friends, he would refrain from voting. A clause in the Constitution he considered unchristian and inhuman. Mr. Wilson showed the injustice which would arise to colored sailors landing in Oregon, and made a spirited defence of the eight thousand colored population of Massachusetts, which portion of his speech was not very reverently received by the Southern Senators.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, said he would also vote to postpone the consideration of the bill, because we have no data showing a sufficient population.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, thought the free States are becoming wiser in preventing the contamination of free negroes, in that respect imitating Virginia. Dire experience is beginning to teach the African race who are their friends. So many free negroes are applying to return to slavery that Virginia and Texas are compelled to provide means to permit it.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, briefly explained that the population of Oregon was sufficient, inasmuch as there are sixteen thousand on the poll-list.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, made some facetious remarks, offering to let Massachusetts and New York have as many free negroes as they want.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, drew attention to the treaty with China as at variance with the exclusion of Chinamen from the civil rights. Mr. Hale also claimed for New Hampshire the earliest abolition of slavery, in 1775. He would not vote for Oregon, with this Constitution, this side of eternity.

Pending the discussion the Senate adjourned.

On the 6th, the bill to repeal the bounties to fishermen was taken up.

Mr. Hamlin, of Maine, objected to Mr. Clay's sneer that fisheries are merely of a local interest. They are so, but not more than sugar growing. Fisheries, however, have a national importance. No nation has ever been prominent in maritime affairs that did not recognize the important relations between its marine and its fisheries. "Bounty," in this connection, is an unfortunate word. The real object is to raise a class of hardy seamen. The fisheries, therefore, although local in fact, are national in importance, and address themselves to the interests of every section of the country—to Alabama as well as to Maine. Mr. Hamlin summarised the political history of the North American fisheries, showing that they entered largely into the revolutionary issues. They were a subject of contest for one hundred years between France and England, on account of their importance. In the war of 1812 our Commissioners at Ghent were instructed not to permit our right to them to be even brought into discussion, on the pain of breaking off the negotiations. John Adams, in 1814, wrote that he would continue the war for ever, rather than yield one iota of the fisheries. They are as important to-day as then; although it is true they do not represent the same proportion to the aggregate of commerce, as they did at the revolution, for the reason that the area of the fisheries is limited and cannot be extended—whereas the area of commerce is illimitable. Proceeding, then, to the present state of the fisheries, Mr. Hamlin urged in Congress the continuance of these bounties, as the cheapest mode of educating a supply of seamen to be relied on in time of war. During the Revolution, the New England fishermen captured 200,000 tons of British shipping. They were equally efficient in the war of 1812. He next read letters from Commodores Stewart and Shubrick, highly praising the seamen trained in the fisheries, and also Daniel Webster's similar opinion. He then referred to the care taken by other nations to foster their fisheries, instancing Venice, Holland—whose Amsterdam is built on the fishes' bones—Spain, France and Great Britain. The Senator from Alabama asks, Why not rely on the commercial marine to recruit the Navy? A sufficient answer is, that, in violation of the law, three-fourths of the whole number of seamen employed are foreigners. Mr. Clay estimated, from treasury sources, the whole number of fishermen at 13,000; but the treasury knew no more about it than his (Mr. Hamlin's) horse. It is probable that the fisheries educate about 50,000 American seamen. He maintained that if the bounty was withdrawn, those fisheries would languish and die. He concluded by relating the small compensation, the numerous dangers and the hazards of the business, demanding support to continue it. And it will be wise in the Government to support it. If it must be abolished, it ought to be done gradually. Over seven or eight years would be necessary to allow the owners to retrieve their means therefrom. The Reciprocity treaty and the repeal of the bounty would destroy it any how. The nursery of seamen should be regarded in the same light as the Military School at West Point, or the Naval School at Annapolis.

On motion of Mr. Mason, of Virginia, the Senate here went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 7th, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, presented the credentials of Hon. Thomas Clingman, as Senator from North Carolina, in place of Ex-Senator Asa Biggs, appointed United States Judge.

The announcement of the death of Hon. Josiah J. Evans, Senator from South Carolina, was received, whereupon the Senate immediately adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 3rd, Mr. Grow, of Penna., asked leave to introduce a joint resolution prohibiting the public lands from exposure to public sale under the proclamation of the President, until the same are surveyed and the returns filed in the land office for ten years.

Mr. Clemens, of Va., objected.

Mr. Grow moved a suspension of the rules. refused—yeas 74, nays 78.

A message from the President was received, accompanied by four immense bundles of manuscript, which were piled up in the centre aisle.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, facetiously observed that from their bulk they must involve the safety and the perpetuity of the country. [Laughter.]

The message was then read, by which it appeared that the documents contained a copy of the correspondence relative to Indian affairs in Washington and Oregon Territories and California.

Mr. Morgan, of New York, said that five clerks were employed for nine months in copying these documents, and the expenses of printing them might thereby be estimated. He saw no necessity to have them printed

Mr. Jones, of Tenn., remarked that the War Department had yet to reply to the resolution which called forth these monster documents from the Interior Department.

After various suggestions, the House laid these documents on the table, and refused, by a large vote, to print them.

The consideration of the Legislative, Judicial and Executive Appropriation Bill was then resumed. The proceedings were dull, and there was only a thin attendance of members. Adjourned.

On the 4th, Mr. Blair, of Mo., from the Committee on Private Land Claims, reported a bill for the settlement of private land claims in New Mexico.

Mr. Greenwood, of Ark., from the Committee on Indian Affairs, presented a bill to confirm the sale of the reservation held by the Christian Indians in Kansas and provide permanent homes for them.

Mr Faulkner, of Va., from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported adversely on the Senate bill granting the Rome Arsenal to the State of New York, on certain conditions

Mr. Davis, of Mass., from the Committee on Naval Affairs, presented a bill to amend the laws granting land to sailors and marines, so as to include those attached to private armed vessels regularly commissioned by the United States.

Mr. Clingman, of N. C., from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, designated as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, is under the interpretation placed upon it by Great Britain, a surrender of the rights of the country, and, on the American construction, an entangling alliance without mutuality of benefit or restriction, and has been productive only of misunderstanding and controversy between the two governments. Therefore—

Resolved, That the President be requested to take such steps as may be, in his judgment, best calculated to effect the speedy abrogation of the said treaty.

Mr. Ritchie said this was not the unanimous report of the committee, and at the proper time he desired to be heard on the subject.

Mr. Colfax, of Ind., moved to lay the whole subject on the table. Disagreed to—yeas 39, nays 110.

The consideration of the bill was then postponed.

Mr. Clingman, of N. C., made a report on that portion of the President's message relative to Com. Paulding's seizure of Gen. Walker, in effect condemning that act, but declaring that no proceedings are necessary on the part of Congress.

Mr. Ritchie, of Penna., gave notice of a substitute, returning thanks to Com. Paulding and his officers and men.

Mr. Barksdale said he intended to introduce a resolution, declaring that Gen. Walker's capture was without authority, and merits the condemnation of this House.

Mr. Ritchie, of Penna., from the Committee of Foreign Affairs, reported a resolution, authorizing the President to adopt such measures as he may think advisable to procure a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulties between this country and Paraguay.

The bill for the admission of Minnesota into the Union was taken up.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, moved a substitute, providing that the constitution of Minnesota be submitted to a new convention, on the ground that it does not conform with the constitution and laws of the United States. He argued that no such convention as contemplated by the enabling act had ever been held. The law prescribed seventy-eight delegates, whereas the convention which framed the present constitution was composed of one hundred and eight delegates. There were two separate and hostile parties, who got up what they called a constitution. In the election of delegates to this convention the example set in other territories was followed, and was covered all over with frauds. He objected, among other things, to the clause permitting aliens to vote, and expressed the hope that Minnesota would come into the Union decently and in order. The time has come when Congress ought to put a curb on the territories and require them to obey the laws of the land

Mr. Kingsbury replied that Minnesota had conformed more closely to the law than any other territory.

Mr. Sherman ascribed the irregularities he had complained of to Messrs. Sibley, Medary and others, who had mingled in frauds and irregularities at home, and infused them in the politics of that territory.

Mr. Jenkins, of Va., replied to Mr. Sherman, and said it was a strange state of things when the latter, who voted for the admission of Kansas under the Topeka Constitution, designated the Minnesota Convention as a mob.

Mr. Garnett, of Va., contended that Minnesota had not complied with the enabling act nor the territorial law. He argued that Minnesota had not sufficient population for more than one Representative, instead of three, as Mr. Stephens proposed.

Mr. Grow, of Penna., said that if a constitution embodies the will of the people, as this did, it had his sanction, unless the provisions engrafted on it were violative of the Constitution of the United States, and repugnant to the genius of our institutions. In reply to Mr. Jenkins, he said the free State men of Kansas never sought to subvert a territorial organization without the consent of Congress. But Minnesota has already subverted the Territorial Legislature. Where is the President with his Federal army to disperse that legislature, as he in Kansas dispersed the Free State Legislature?

Mr. Lawrence, of Ohio, made a personal explanation, taking exceptions to what Mr. Campbell said the other day, and added that he came to his own conclusion to support the English Kansas Bill.

Mr. Campbell repeated that it was understood that both of his colleagues, Mr. Cox and Mr. Lawrence, with other members of the Douglas Democracy, and agreed with the other anti-Lecomptonites never to yield in the Kansas controversy to any proposition that did not give the people the right to vote directly on their constitution.

Mr. Harris, of Ill., said that he was never a party to such an arrangement, and he did not know what arrangements were made during his illness.

Mr. Marshall, of Ill., remarked that he never, directly or indirectly, made a pledge to support anything. He was controlled only by the dictates of his own judgment.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, said that he was reluctant to support the Crittenden-Montgomery amendment until he distinctly understood that twenty anti-Lecompton Democrats would not, in any event, vote for any proposition more objectionable to the Republicans and the Southern Americans.

Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, said that he understood and agreed to that proposition.

Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, desired to say that he had entered into no understanding or agreement. He acted from his sense of right.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, contradicted the truth of Mr. Washburne's, of Me., statement.

Mr Clark, of New York, remarked that at the meeting he attended, the anti-Lecompton Democrats pledged themselves to support the Crittenden-Montgomery amendment, and he had kept his pledge throughout. Adjourned.

On the 5th, Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill for the satisfaction of the French Spoliation Claims, being a copy of the one vetoed by President Pierce. He said he had been instructed to ask for a postponement of the subject till the 19th of May.

On motion of Mr. Shorter, of Alabama, the consideration of the subject was postponed till the first Monday in January next, by a vote of 66 yeas to 60 nays.

Mr. Clingman addressed the House in relation to the report he made yesterday, concerning the capture of Gen. Walker, maintaining that the arrest was without the authority of law, as we cannot introduce troops into a foreign jurisdiction. The act of Com. Paulding in its effects was calculated to aid the British and not American interests. He held that we ought to exercise our influence on Nicaragua to secure the right of way, and trusted that the treaty making power of the United States will not allow any regulation made by which our interests will be damaged. It is stated that a ship company in New York has the sole privilege of carrying passengers, and Yrissarri has issued a proclamation that persons shall travel in no other line. Could any such restrictions be placed on American citizens, and were they to submit to the enormous monopoly granted by the government of a country containing not more than half a million of people, mostly negroes and Indians.

After speaking of the non-fulfillment of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, he said that the best mode of getting rid of all attendant differences was to abrogate it. We have been engaged eight years in negotiating with Great Britain, and have obtained nothing from her to show who shall control Central America, Great Britain or the United States. He argued that the latter government possessed the best claim for such control. He condemned the trade of Great Britain in Asiatics, and France in Africans, as of enormous cruelty. We have now on the coast of Africa a squadron in connection with the British for the suppression of the slave trade, yet Great Britain is transporting other races to her islands under pretence of laborers. Was not this mockery?

We might at least protest against this system if we are not prepared to stop the traffic He was mortified at the fact that the American citizens of San Domingo are actually protected by the British Consul. Was it difficult for the Secretary of the Navy to get a ship to send thither? It was bad enough to submit to the insults of white people, worse to those of free negroes. He hoped the example of Greytown would be followed in this case, and be a reform in those respects. The Administration had not yet had an opportunity to show its hand on the foreign policy, but from the antecedents of the President and Secretary of State we have the right to expect other things. He quoted and approved of the sentiments uttered by the President in the Ostend Manifesto.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, inquired whether he understood Mr. Clingman to advocate the annexation of Cuba?

Mr. Clingman said he would be very glad to see Cuba annexed to this country on any fair terms, and four years ago we had a good ground, and ought to have taken it, after the Black Warrior affair. Its annexation would put an end to the Coolie and African trade.

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, inquired whether the resolution reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs proposed the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by proclamation or through resolutions.

Mr. Clingman replied that the President says it ought long ago to have been abrogated. He (Mr. Clingman) believed that the President and the British Cabinet are tired of the complication, having their hands full of other important matters. He knew very well that there is a disposition on its part to have the treaty abrogated on honorable and fair terms, and he believed the Executive can have it done at this time.

The House then resumed the consideration of the Senate bill for the admission of Minnesota into the Union

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, and Mr. Anderson, of Missouri, opposed the bill on the ground of its permitting alien suffrage.

Mr. Reagan, of Texas, maintained that Congress had no power to say who shall be electors in a State.

The further consideration of the bill was postponed till the next day.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill. The proceedings in committee were dull, and finally the committee rose and reported the bill to the House. Adjourned.

On the 6th, the House acted upon the amendments to the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill, and passed it.

The resolution proposing the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was then considered.

Mr. Ritchie, of Penna., spoke against the resolution, arguing that there was no particular emergency which required the abrogation. The treaty, when it was made, prevented a collision between Great Britain and the United States, and preserved peace. It was dictated by good sense and good feelings on both sides. The practical difficulty between the two countries amounts to nothing. It arises merely from the technical interpretation of the treaty. He could see no reason for its abrogation, except the desire on the part of the United States to seize Central America.

Mr. Clingman said: We ought to be free from that treaty, so that when we wish to acquire that territory we may do it lawfully.

Mr. Ritchie replied that its abrogation would result in an open conflict for the possession of that country. He was sorry that Mr. Clingman quoted the Ostend Manifesto with approbation, as he looked on it as an evidence of covetousness and imbecility.

Mr. Stokels, of New York, moved the postponement of the subject till next Tuesday, when he wished to express his views.

But this motion was cut off by the House seconding a demand for the previous question, under which the resolution was ordered to be engrossed—yeas 97, nays 87.

Without final action, the House passed to the consideration of other business.

Mr. Haskin, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, setting forth that as Robert W. Latham, summoned before the committee to investigate the circumstances attending the sale and purchase of Wilkinson's Point for fortification purposes, has failed to appear, therefore, the Speaker be directed to issue a warrant to the Sergeant-at-Arms to take the body of the said Latham, wherever found, and bring him before the bar of the House to answer for contempt of its authority.

The House resumed the consideration of the Senate bill for the admission of Minnesota into the Union.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, made a speech against the bill, on account of the alien suffrage clause in the constitution.

Messrs. Millson, of Va., Phillips, of Penna., and Bliss, of Ohio, denied the right of Congress to interfere with the rights of electors in the States.

Pending the consideration of the bill, the House adjourned.

On the 7th, Mr. Clingman, of South Carolina, said he had had the honor to receive a commission from the Governor of North Carolina, to fill the vacancy in the U. S. Senate, caused by the resignation of Mr. Biggs. He had written a letter to the Governor resigning his post as member of the House of Representatives, to take effect this day. In severing his connection with the gentlemen here, he begged leave to remark that, during a service of a dozen years, he may have given offence, either by objecting to business out of order, or by words in debate; but in this he was actuated by no feeling of personal unkindness, but governed by a sense of public duty. He parted with his associates here with friendship and with many regrets.

By general consent, at the suggestion of Mr. Stephens, the vote on the Minnesota Bill was postponed till Tuesday.

On motion of Mr. Bonham, of South Carolina, the House then adjourned. No reason was stated for this, but it was in consequence of the death of Senator Evans, of South Carolina, who expired suddenly last night. He was in his seat in the Senate yesterday, and apparently in good health.

A TALE OF TERROR.—The following rather marvellous story is told by one of the Vienna journals:—As a farmer of Orsinovi, near that city, was a few nights ago returning home from market, he stopped at a roadside public house, and imprudently showed the innkeeper a large sum which he had received. In the night the innkeeper, armed with a poignard, stole into the farmer's chamber, and prepared to stab him; but the farmer, who, from the man's manner, at supper, conceived suspicions of foul play, had thrown himself, fully dressed, on the bed, without going to sleep, and being a powerful man, he wrested the poignard from the other, and using it against him, laid him dead at his feet. A few moment's after, he heard stones thrown at the window, and a voice, which he recognized as that of the innkeeper's son, said: "The grave is ready!" This proved to him that the father and son had planned his murder, and to avoid detection, had intended burying the dead body at once. He thereupon wrapped the dead body in a sheet, and let it down from a window; he then ran to the gendarmerie and stated what had occurred. Three gendarmerie immediately accompanied him to the house, and found the young man busily engaged in shovelling earth into the grave. "What are you burying?" said they. "Only a horse, which has just died!" "You are mistaken," answered one of them, jumping into the grave and raising the corpse. "Look!" and he held up a lantern to the face of the deceased. "Good God!" cried the young man, thunderstruck, "It is my father!" He was then arrested, and at once confessed all.

ACQUITTAL OF A MURDERER IN KENTUCKY—*Singular Language from a Judge.*—The young man Hardesty, who shot and killed Grubb, in Burlington, Boone county, Kentucky, about a year ago, was tried and acquitted last Thursday. The case was an interesting one. Grubb had seduced a sister of Hardesty, and the latter, on discovering the fact, told the seducer that if he did not marry her in six months he would kill him. The six months having expired without Grubb's compliance, Hardesty met him on the street, and shot him dead. Grubb was armed for defence, but was pierced by the bullet of his antagonist while in the act of drawing his pistol.

On the rendition of the verdict, Judge Nutall delivered the following verdict:—

"Sir—You have been indicted by a grand jury of your country upon a most heinous charge You have put yourself upon your country and your God for deliverance. You have had a fair and impartial trial before them, and they have both pronounced you not guilty, and so say I. It may not be proper for me to express my sentiments, yet, nevertheless, I will do it. Young man, had I been wronged as you have been, I would have spent every dollar I had on earth, and all that I could have begged and borrowed, and then starved upon the track of the villain, but I would have imbrued my hands in his blood Go hence without delay. You are acquitted!"

Both the verdict and this judgment were received with shouts of applause.

A FAMILY OF THIEVES—SUPERSTITION AND FRAUD.—A very ingenious plan of raising the wind was recently practiced by a gang of gypsies, in Cobb County, their victim being a widow lady in moderate circumstances.

The party camped in the vicinity of Marietta. One of the party—a dark sun-burned wench, looking like a half-breed Indian, went to the house of a Miss Hanby, and represented herself as sent by the Indians who formerly inhabited the region, to get a mess of gold, buried in a place near by. The unsuspecting lady, knowing that the Indians had formerly made the region a favorite haunt, became intensely interested in the tale of the mysterious looking stranger, and entered at once into her plans for getting the treasure. Her scheme was characterized by the mummery and superstitious movements peculiar to the Indian, and only served to heighten the confidence of the good lady in the strange adventurers. In the progress of the plan it become necessary for the gold hunter to have $1,000 to use as a sort of enchantment for the hidden treasure, and unless this sum could be had it was asserted that the whole scheme would fail. The money was obtained, Mrs. H. having a portion of it in the house, and the balance was borrowed from the neighbors, after which the mysterious looking gold wizard took French leave of her new made friends, and is probably in the wild hunt for buried treasures in some other locality.—*Augusta (Ga.) Dispatch.*

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—In the experiments through the entire cable at Devonshire, considerable obstacles to rapid communication arise. With the symbolic alphabet at present used, about two words and a half per minute only can be transmitted through the whole length of wire. This rate of transmission is only equal to 150 words—very little over a column of a newspaper in twenty-four hours. This would be the extent of the transmissive power for a single newspaper for the entire day. But when it is considered that the business of two continents is to be accommodated by it, and the government to use it besides, it would practically be of but little use to the public unless the rate of transmission can be greatly increased. The magnetic telegraph, on a single wire, will transmit overland at the rate of more than one thousand words per hour. Even at this rapid rate of transmission, it has been found necessary to put up seven working wires between New York and Philadelphia, equal to almost eight thousand words per hour, for the accommodation of the business between those two points; six wires from Philadelphia to Washington, and between Washington and New Orleans two wires nearly the entire distance.

THE BLUE OF THE SEA.—M. Pisani, a French chemist, has made experiments which induce him to believe that the blue color of the sea in some parts of the globe, the Mediterranean, &c., is to be ascribed to a combination of copper and ammonia: the green color of other seas to a chloride composed of copper. M. Pisani had suspended a bag at the sides of a steamer sailing between Marseilles and Corsica, which contained iron nails and chips. On opening the bag after several voyages, it was found that the iron was covered by a layer of precipitated copper. Messrs. Durocher and Malagati, on substituting granulated copper for the iron of the former experiment, have found a noticeable quantity of silver in salt water. M. Tuld, in America, repeated the experiment, and arrived at the conclusion that the ocean contained, at least, two millions of tons of silver.

Great Reduction of Foreign Imports.

The great reduction of the foreign imports is attracting very general attention. The Government Treasury feels the falling off very sensibly. At New York, however, there are indications that the demand for finery, and the disposition to run into extravagance, is as strong as ever. The New York Express, in a capital hit at this nonsense, says:—Flora McFlimsey, who has had 'nothing to wear' ever since the financial crisis last winter, made her appearance at one of our leading auction houses, on Saturday last—to bid on some rare cashmere and camel's hair shawls, some of which were knocked down at $162a177—Flora securing the handsomest, and the dry goods trade taking the others, at all sorts of prices. But, if Flora is relapsing into her extravagances, there is certainly no visible disposition on the part of the merchants to run in debt again to foreign houses for her especial accommodation. This is abundantly apparent in the reduced importations of dry goods, as exhibited by the Custom-House records, from week to week. Thus:

Imports for week ending May 1st, 1857,	$1,665,652
" " " 1st, 1858,	198,550
Decrease.	$1,467,100

A corresponding falling off is seen in general merchandise. Thus:

Week ending May 1st, 1857,	$3,125,124
" " " 1858,	1,302,937
Decrease,	$1,822,937

If the total imports (dry goods and general merchandise,) from the 1st of January to date, be compared, the curtailment is equally startling:—

Four months, 1857,	$81,529,064
" " 1858,	39,720,278
Decrease,	$41,808,786

We note among the imports of last week a significant absence, to a considerable amount of articles of luxury. Thus, while we paid,

For Tea,	$174,485
" Sugar,	456,175
" Coffee,	29,667

other bills, for fancy goods, jewelry, and such things, were whittled down, as the Yankees say, to the little end of nothing,

Fancy goods,	$12,707
Perfumery,	907
Patent leather,	3,665
Champagne,	4,481

A GREAT GUN—KILLING MADE EASY.—The Buffalo Express tells of a warlike invention just brought out in that city which is of an extraordinary character, provided it possesses all the qualities represented:—"It was tested yesterday afternoon in a vacant building on Washington street, between Seneca and Exchange streets. The piece is a beautiful little brass gun of the usual shape, mounted on wheels, and so constructed that a rotary cylinder constitutes the breech, which contains four charges, replenished by means of a hopper, and fired as rapidly as a man can work an ordinary lever backward and forward. The piece is discharged by electricity, and from this results an important and valuable discovery, which was developed after the completion of the piece. By means of the battery and wires connecting with the cylinder by which ignition is caused, the cylinder becomes perfectly electrical, *which keeps it as cool as if continually bathed with ice.* Some two hundred rounds were fired yesterday in rapid succession, at the rate of 80 rounds per minute, at the end of which time, without using the swab once, the breech was much colder than when the firing commenced. The rapidity of the firing was much retarded by the bad quality of the cartridge in use, but such as it was, it was sufficient to demonstrate the complete success of the invention. Even 20 rounds per minute would seem to be sufficient for all reasonable or unreasonable purposes for that matter; but we entertain no doubt that with cartridges properly prepared, the inventor's expectation of 60 rounds per minute will be fully realized. We understand that as soon as all arrangements are completed, the inventors will proceed to Washington and lay their plans before the government. The necessary steps have been taken to secure European patents, and when all is complete, and the machine is in operation, we do not believe that nations can hereafter *afford to go to war.*

PROF. MAURY'S "ROUND WORLD."—The communication of Lieut. M. F. Maury, in the Bible Society's Record, in which he brings the aid of science to establish the truth of the Bible, quoting, among other passages, "The Round World," from one of the Psalms, has been extensively copied and highly commended. It turns out that there is no "round world" there. The original word is "tabel"—the inhabited earth. It is doubtful if the term "round world" is in the Bible. It occurs in the Psalter in the Book of Common Prayer.—*Evening Post, April 28.*

The statement is made on p. 74 of Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea. "The Bible called the earth the 'Round World.'" This unfortunate inaccuracy is immediately followed by an incorrect quotation from Job xxxviii 31, which serves like the former as the basis for deductions altogether unwarrantable from the true reading. "Canst thou *bind* the sweet influence" of the Pleiades?" is made to read, "Canst thou *tell*, &c.," and from this the author reasons some mysterious influence is in them concealed, which the light of modern science is about revealing. We respect the feeling that has led Lieut. Maury into these inaccuracies; but they must fail of their purpose, while they tend to excite a want of confidence in the points he makes of scientific interest, that may not be so readily disproved.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CURIOUS CASE.—In a recent trial in Sussex, Virginia, Harriet Miles being offered as a witness against a young man named Ledbetter, charged with a serious offence against the integrity of her person, an objection was raised, on the ground that her claims as a *white* were insufficient to entitle her to such a privilege. Two physicians and an expert were therefore appointed to make an examination with regard to the quality of her blood, and report accordingly. This was a task as difficult as it was delicate. Her skin was very fair and of exquisite texture, and her general appearance in perfect keeping with her pretensions to an unadulterated lineage. The physicians were unable to report, but the expert, a gentleman of nice discrimination in such matters, gave his opinion that she was at least one-fourth colored. The Court thereupon rejected her as an incompetent witness. The case was ably argued, and brought to a close about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The verdict of the jury was *Guilty*, ascertaining the term of his imprisonment to be ten years in the Penitentiary, the minimum prescribed by law.

PROGRESS.—A watch manufactory has been established in Waltham, Mass., where the separate parts of a watch are stamped out by machinery, and are made so exactly alike, that parts of one watch will fit the works of a thousand other watches of the same size, and in repairing new parts without deranging the other works. The jewels are bored by hand, and the corresponding pivots fitted to them by females. The simplest kind of lever watch, without the fusee, is the form adopted, and they can turn out about ten thousand per annum. It is said better machinery for a watch will ere long be made for $5, than was made fifty years ago for $150.

SENTENCE OF TUCKERMAN.—Wm. B. Tuckerman, the mail robber, was recently sentenced to twenty-one years' confinement at hard labor in the Connecticut State Prison.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—*Prof. Holmes, of Charleston, S. C.,* recently discovered a collection of *fossils* near that city, in which the bones of the horse, ox, sheep and dog, identical with the living species, so far as anatomical characteristics are concerned, mingle with the bones of the mastodon, elephant, megatherium; the tapir and peccary, of Mexico and South America; and the beaver, elk, muskrat, and other animals driven from South Carolina since the discovery by Columbus. The most remarkable result of these researches is the substantial establishment of the fact that the domestic animals we use existed here before Europeans came. They may not have been absolutely the same, yet it is impossible to find any specific difference in their remains.

In a letter from Key West, of 25th February last, Agassiz expresses to Professor Holmes his deep interest in these new remains, which he had seen when passing through Charleston, a few days before. He regards it as demonstrated, that horses, hogs, cattle, sheep and dogs, were coeval, on this continent, with deer, elk and buffalo, and that no specific distinction between them and the present domestic animals is discoverable. Professor Holmes is clearly of opinion that these earlier animals were not extinct when Europeans first came, and it has never been satisfactorily proved that the wild horses of the plains, particularly the "mustang" of Texas, were descended from an imported ancestry, though such has been almost, if not quite universally assumed to be the case.

The bones of these animals have been found in great quantities along the Ashley river, Grove creek, and other places, all in the post-pliocene, or most recent geological formation. They are in marl and ferruginous sand, sometimes beneath fifteen feet of sand and stiff clay, and the genuineness of their fossil character, though doubted when they were first discovered and sent to this city for identification, is now conceded by all. The existence of the domestic animals in North America, and particularly the horse, before the advent of Europeans, is the most interesting discovery in fossil geology yet made.

THE ELECTION IN THIS CITY.—The result of the municipal election, last week, in this city, was the triumph of the "People's" candidate for Mayor, Alexander Henry, over Richard Vaux (Dem.), by a majority of 4,703 votes.—The other candidates on the same ticket were also elected by from 2,867 to 3,949 majority. In the Common Council there are about 69 Opposition members to 26 Democratic elected. In the Select Council, the Democrats will have a majority of 2, owing to the number holding over from last year. The opposition vote was larger than on any previous occasion. At the May election of 1856, it was 25,445 for Moore, against 29,534 for Vaux; and in the Presidential struggle of 1856, the combined opposition strength was 31,928, against a Buchanan vote of 38,222. Mr. Henry's vote is some seven thousand above that of Moore in 1856, and about a thousand over that of both Fremont and Fillmore. Vaux loses about a thousand votes as compared with his own aggregate two years since, and some ten thousand from Buchanan's array. The "People's" ticket combined the Americans, Republicans, and other shades of the opposition.

AN ORIGINAL CLOCK.—A curious electric clock has been invented by Mr. Bain (the inventor of a telegraph which conveys communications to any distance by the discoloration of saturated paper by electricity.) There is no visible power that actuates it; but in a garden, or other piece of ground, is dug a hole four or five feet, and into this hole is thrown a layer of coke, then a layer of earth, and then a few zinc plates. A feeble but constant galvanic current is generated by the contact of the earth with the coke below it and the zinc above it, without the aid of any other battery; and this current is conveyed in doors by copper wires. The wires form a coil round a magnet, and the electro-magnet thus formed is made to constitute the bob of the pendulum of the clock, and by machinery too electric apparatus gives a vibratory motion to the pendulum, and the pendulum in its turn gives motion to the two hands of a clock.—*Buffalo Republic.*

MUSICAL TASTE IN AMERICA.—An American, sojourning at Rome, Italy, writes to Dwight's Journal of Music, now published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston: Perhaps the only thing in which I am disappointed in Italy, is in its music and the musical cultivation of its inhabitants. It is true that even the smallest towns have opera houses, but the style of performance is poor. Then, like many other people, I had expected that in Italy music was in the domestic circle brought to almost professional perfection, and that every other young man was a Mario, and almost every young woman a Grisi. But I find myself much mistaken. As a general thing, there appears to be no more real taste for music here than in the United States; certainly there are not half or a quarter so many piano fortes or hand-organs in proportion to the population, if that is to be taken as any index.

☞ That mood into which a friend can bring us is his dominion over us. To the thoughts of that state of mind he has a right. All the secrets of that state of mind he can compel.—*Emerson.*

☞ We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.—*Emerson.*

☞ One of the wisest and best among our English ethical writers, the author of *Companions of My Solitude*, says, *a propos* of gossip, that one-half of the evil-speaking of the world arises, not from *malice prepense*, but from mere want of amusement. And I think we may even grant that to the other half, constituted small of mind or selfish in disposition, it is seldom worse than the natural falling back from large abstract interests, which they cannot understand, upon those which they can—alas only the narrow, commonplace, and personal.—*Miss Mulock.*

☞ I have read of a country where corruption and knavery of all kinds were grown so prevalent that it was less dangerous to plunder the people of millions than to steal a handkerchief or rob a hen-roost; where the greatest crimes were openly countenanced, whilst little ones are punished with vigor; and nothing but enormity of guilt was a sure recommendation to impunity and protection.—*Lord Bolingbroke,* in 1724.

☞ The late Colonel S———, so well known for his Patagonian size and burly deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for the payment of a bill, pleasantly exclaimed: "If you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you down stairs!" "Little reptile!" repeated the dust "and what if I am! Recollect, colonel, that we can't *all* be great brutes!"

☞ A believing love will relieve us of a vast load of care.—*Emerson.*

☞ There is a purple half to the grape, a mellow and crimson half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe and a better half to men.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 8.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; sales of 8500 bbls at $4@4.15 for State—a decline of 5c. Wheat declined; sales of 20,000 bush at $1.25@1.27 for Western white and 97c for red. Corn firm; sales of 10,000 bush at 72@73c for white and 75c for yellow. Pork dull and nominal; sales of Prime at $14.75. Lard dull and nominal at 11½c. Whiskey dull at 20½c

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour is steady, sales of some 8000 bbls are reported this week, principally for export, at $4.50 for standard superfine, $4.75@5 for common and good Western extra, $5@5.50 for extra family Flour, as to brand and quality, including 500 bbls at a fraction more. The home trade have been buying to a fair extent from $4.40 up to $5.50@6.50 ₱ bbl, the latter for fancy brands. Rye Flour is scarce, and all offered, some 400 bbls, have been taken at $3.25. Corn Meal is also more active, and some 1500 bbls Penna Meal were disposed of at $3.25 ₱ bbl, at which rate the market is steady.

GRAIN—There is not much demand for Wheat, sales of some 12,000 bush in lots at $1@1.12 for inferior to choice reds, and $1.10 to 1.30 for white, mostly at $1.18@1.25—the latter for prime, chiefly in store. Rye is lower, 3000 bush Penna, sales at 70@68c, closing rather dull at the latter rate. Corn is nearly steady in price, with moderate receipts, and sales in all about 35,000 bush at 70@71c for Southern and Penna yellow, afloat, and 69@70c in store, chiefly at our highest figures, at which rate the closing sales were made. Oats have been less active, but about 22,000 bush have been taken at 39c for Delaware, and 39@40c for Penna, afloat, including 5000 bush of the latter, prime 10 lots at 41c in store. Barley and Barley Malt are very dull.

PROVISIONS—There has been very little doing since the close of last week, and prices generally favor the buyer. Mess Pork is quoted at $19; Mess Beef at $15@17 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon meets with a limited demand at 11½@12½c for plain and fancy Hams; 10@10½c for Sides, the latter for prime Western, and 8½@8¾c for Shoulders, cash and short time. Green Meats are rather scarce, but the demand is limited at 9@9½ cts for Hams in salt and pickle; Shoulders in salt at 7½@7½c. Sides are dull, and quoted at 9@9½c. Lard is held at 12c for prime Western in bbls and tes, and 13c for kegs, but there is not much doing; country packed sells at 10½@10½c. Butter is quiet at 15@18c for Roll, and 11@13c for solid packed, and but little offering or selling. Cheese—No change in price or demand. Eggs continue plenty and dull at 8½@9c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The stock and receipts continue moderate, and holders have succeeded in realizing a further advance of ⅛@⅛c since the receipt of the late advices from abroad; buyers, however, are not disposed to operate to any extent, and the market closes rather dull at the advance. The week's sales reach some 800 bales, mostly Uplands, at from 12½ to 14½c, the latter for Middling Fair, cash and four months; and Orleans at 13½@14½c, cash

BARK—Continues in steady demand, with further small receipts, and sales of Quercitron—about 150 hhds in all—at $33 for first No 1.

BEESWAX—Is scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers; the last sales were at 30@31c for good Yellow.

COAL—There is rather more inquiry for shipment, but orders, come in slowly, and the wet weather has interrupted business very much this week; prices are unchanged, with moderate receipts and sales for the season.

FRUIT—There has been more doing in Dried Apples and large sales are reported at 5½@6c ₱ lb. Peaches are scarce and unpared halves command 13@14c ₱ lb.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce, and good Western move off as wanted at 42@43c ₱ lb, as to lots.

HEMP—There is little or nothing doing: the stock is light and prices nominally unchanged.

HIDES—An arrival from Laguayra, just in, remains unsold. Some further small sales of Caracoas are reported from store on terms we could not learn. Holders are firm in their views, and the stock is light, but there is very little doing.

HOPS move off slowly at 7@10c for Eastern and Western, as in quality.

IRON—The market for this staple continues very dull, and the demand for consumption is limited at about previous quoted rates. Sales include only about 300 tons, in lots, chiefly Anthracite No 1, at $21@22, cash. In Scotch Pig we hear of no sales, and prices are nominal. Nothing doing in Blooms or Boiler Iron worthy of note. In Rails and Bars the transactions are mostly in a small way, without change in rates.

LEAD—Is firm, with a very reduced stock to operate in, and a small sale of Virginia at $6.25 ₱ 100 lbs on time, with interest, is all we have to notice this week.

LEATHER—The market is less active this week, but prices are fully sustained and firm, with moderate sales of most kinds.

LUMBER—The arrivals are fair for the season, but prices show little or no change, and White Pine Boards range at $14@17, and Yellow Sap do at $12@15. No further sales of Hemlock have come under our notice, and there is none arriving. Shingles are steady, with moderate sales. Of Laths sales are making at $1,25@1,37½ ₱ M, as in quality.

TALLOW—Is but little inquired for, and City Rendered meets with a limited demand at 10@10½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—Is unchanged, and a moderate business doing in Leaf and Manufactured at previous quotations.

WOOL—There is little or no alteration in the market, but the sales of both Fleece and Pulled are mostly in small lots, within the range of quotations; the stock is large for the season.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER No. 333 Walnut Street

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 per ct		
" " '62	104	—
" " '67	114	—
" " '68	114½	—
" " '85	102½	—
Phila 6 per ct	98½	99
" " new	103	103½
" " 5 "	93	—
Cam City 6 per ct	87	90
Pitts 6 per ct	80	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 per ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
All'gy co R R 6's	44	88
Penn		
" " 5 "	89	89½
" " coupon	92	92½
Tenn 6 per ct	90	90½
Kentucky 6 per ct	104	105
Missouri 6's	83½	83¾
Penn R R 6 per ct	100	100½
2d m rt loan '65	93	95½
C & Am R R 6 per ct	90	90
P G & N R R "	90	95
Reading R R "	73	73½
" " m'rt "	89	91
" " 6 per ct '98	67½	67½
Lehigh Val 6's	74	80
Ches Val R R "	25	33
Tiogo R R "	80	—
Phil Wil & Bal		
'80 R R 6 per ct	97	98
Long I R R "	77	78
Sch Nav '82 "	86½	88
Lehigh Nav "	86½	90
Mort "	95	101
C & D C "	86	90
Sus & Tid '70 "	51½	54
Union Canal	37½	37½
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 per ct	60	64½
2d " 7 per ct	50	55
Catawissa "	42	44½
North Pa 6 per ct	57	57½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	95½	95½
Penna	42½	42½
Sus Meadow	55	56
North Penna	96	99
Phil & Wor	51	51½
Reading	23½	23¾
Minehill	61¼	62
Har & Lan	55½	56½
Ches Val	34	35
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	32	32
Long Island	12	12½
Will'sport & Elm	11½	11½
Cattawissa	7½	7½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	9½	9
" preferred	15½	16
Lehigh Nav	51½	52
Morris Consol'd	45½	46
" preferred	100	100½
C & Del	45	46
Lenon	4	5½
Sus & Tidewater	—	7
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	133	138
Phila	109	112
Far & Mec	57½	58
Commercial	47	48
N Liberty	36	38
Mechanics	25½	26½
Southwark	70	—
P Township	34	34½
Kensington	54½	—
Girard	16½	16½
Western	28	28
Man & Mech	24½	25
Commerce	97½	98
Tradesman's	—	—
City	39	42
Consolidation	83	84
Commonwealth	19½	21
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	55	58
M & M Pitts	61	65
Ex'ge Pitts	80	—
Kentucky	119	—
Northern Ky	114½	116
Louisville, Ky	112	—
Farmers, Ky	112	—
Louisville & Nash, Tenn	94	—
Plant's, Tenn	96	—
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas Lt	128	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 8, 1858

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
Relief Notes	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	1½ dis
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	1 to 5 dis
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	½ to ¾ dis	Solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent bks par to	½ dis	Solvent banks	½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	State bank	1 dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Old banks	3 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank,	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Galveston	5 dis
Solvent banks	3 dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1 dis		

A DEADLY COLOR.—*The new Azof green of the Paris spring fashions is dyed with such poisonous materials that seamstresses who pr.ck their fingers while sewing it lose the use of their hands, and ladies have been taken violently ill from wearing shawls of this color. The tint is very brilliant.*

HUNDREDS OF OUR CITIZENS COMPLAIN of debility and langor of the system, derangement of the liver or stomach, want of appetite, &c; they are frequently the result of too close application and a thousand other causes we cannot here name; but we would say to all so afflicted, do as we have done—get a bottle or two of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr Jackson, and, our word for it, you will be cured. We recommend this medicine, knowing from experience that it is much superior to the generality of patent medicines. We would say to our readers, purchase none unless prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia.

Principal Office, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., sold by druggists or storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle.

ONLY THOSE who have suffered all the miseries of *Dyspepsia* in its various forms, can appreciate the value of a medicine that will *cure* this disease. To all who would find a remedy we say, try the *Oxygenated Bitters.*

WE WISH to call public attention to another remarkable cure of Epileptic Fits, by Jayne's Alterative. This disease is usually considered incurable; but from the effects of the Alterative in the case of Mr. Ware (whose letter we append) and others, it is evident that this view is not only erroneous, but that in a large majority of cases Epileptic Fits can be cured.

DANVILLE, PA., JULY 8TH, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, PHILADELPHIA:

GENTLEMEN:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your ALTERATIVE. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from RHEUMATISM, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with EPILEPTIC FITS, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the BEST PHYSICIANS, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right side became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm, and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your ALTERATIVE last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have NOT had a *single Fit;* the *use of my limbs has returned,* and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your ALTERATIVE the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

G. B. BROWN,
G. W. FORREST,
THOMAS WOODS,
WILLIAM KITCHEN,
GEO S. SANDERS,
JAMES M. JONES,
J. B. MOORE.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. ap24-4t

A LADY

WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, MRS. MARY E DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent, free, by next post. my1-8t

☞ WILL CONTINUE TO SEND, through the Post-office, to all parts of the United States and Foreign Countries, as has been done *daily* for the past five years, the genuine article of DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF, so justly celebrated all the world over, for its efficacy for Sore Eyes, Deafness, Pain in the Head, and the worst forms of Catarrh.

A single box for thirty-one cents in Stamps, or four boxes to one address for one dollar, postage *pre-paid,* by J. DURNO, Proprietor, Albany, N. Y., or from FREDERICK BROWN'S, Drug and Chemical Store, N. E. corner Chestnut and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia. ap24-4t

☞ DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.—DR. TRACY DELORME, the great curer of Consumption, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia, that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He was eventually cured by a prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl.—This prescription, given by a mere child, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed once. It is equally as sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia. The ingredients may be found in any Drug Store. I will send this valuable prescription to any person on the receipt of one stamp to pay postage.

Address DR. TRACY DELORME, GREAT CURER OF CONSUMPTION, New York Post-Office. ap24-4t

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Gentleman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of nervous suffering, will send (free) to assist others, a copy of the prescription and a supply of the remedy, on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. ap17-6t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Point Pleasant, Mo. on the 27th day of January, 1858, by the Rev. J. Daws, Col. MARTIN P. B. RICHARDSON, of Memphis, Tenn, to Miss MARY E. M. LANE, of Fontenelle, Mo.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, WILLIAM J. JACKSON, to Miss EMMA CRANDOL.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. CHARLES YOUNG, to Miss ANNA GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Duffield, Jr., Dr T. RUSLING DAVIS, to Miss VIRGINIA MANSFIELD, both of this city.

On the 20th of Aug. by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. CHARLES P. BEYRAN, to Miss EMMA P. RULEY, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Hon. Richard Vaux, Mayor, Mr. WILLIAM WILSON, to Miss ANNIE H. YERKES, both of this city.

On the 6th of Jan. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. SAMUEL W. EVANS, to Miss MARTHA GOODMAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Lecompton, Kansas Territory, April 7, 1858, after a painful illness of four days, ANDREW J. ROBERTS, in his 23d year.

On the 3d instant, LYDIA D. daughter of Rebecca B. Gerner, aged 34 years.

At Chestnut Hill, on the 3d instant, DANIEL SNYDER, Esq. aged 79 years.

On the 3d instant, Miss ELIZABETH MILLER, aged 18 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ROXANNA JONES, aged 37.

On the 4th instant, Miss MARY A. MCKINSICK.

On the 2d instant, NATHAN DOLAN, aged 50.

On the 4th instant, JOHN W. B. IAMS, aged 25 years and 8 months.

On the 4th instant, MARGARET E. CONWEY, aged 23 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. SARAH, wife of Martin Rice, aged 37 years.

On the 1st instant, AMANDA C. wife of John Riebel, aged 43 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. JOSEPH C. DILKES, aged 67 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. ROBERT GRENVILLE, aged 48 years.

On the 30th ultimo, WILLIAM KUHN, aged 50.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, as an internal remedy has no equal. In cases of colic, summer complaint, dysepsia, dysentery and asthma, it will cure in one night by taking it internally and bathing with it freely. It is the best Liniment in America. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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I have in my possession over a thousand letters, like the one below, which have come to me unsolicited:—

Rochester, Feb. 14, 1856.

Dear Sir:—Yours with Pen came to hand in due time. The Pen is all right. I like it much better than before. Your ob't serv't,
W. J. STODDARD.

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It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and vigor to the whole system.

It will almost instantly relieve griping in the bowels, and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in Children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause.

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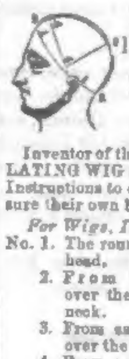

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2. From forehead over the head to neck.	2. Over forehead as far as required.
3. From ear to ear over the top.	3. Over the crown of the head.
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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

With truth we can say, that seldom is presented to the reading public, a work containing such a vast amount of solid instruction as the one in question. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and presents that *unique* appearance of exterior for which Mr. B

Wit and Humor.

THE QUAKER APOTHECARY.

Some years ago, ere our metropolis had yet attained to its present magnificence of manhood and was only a half-grown village in round jacket and cap, there dwelt in one of its suburbs a Quaker apothecary. Now it is probable, that since the days of Babylon and Nineveh, no city has ever been honored by such a Quaker apothecary as this. His features were such as might have been formed by tightly drawing a piece of parchment over a skull; nor was the spectral appearance of his figure-head at all diminished by a huge pair of goggles which he wore astride his nose. His coat of gray, cut straight, after the Quaker fashion, reached almost to his heels; and as he shuffled along the streets, his hands crossed devoutly over the region of the stomach, his head slightly bent forward, and turning to look neither to the right nor to the left, the boys and idle men called him the "village ghost."

He was not a ghost, however, but a flesh and blood Quaker, with a mildness of disposition which is a second nature to those who wear the gray coat, as will be seen by the following example:—

The old gentleman practised dentistry in his shop, extracting the molars and bicuspids of those who were so unfortunate as to come to him. One day, a stout son of the sea came in, his face distorted by a doleful tooth-ache, to have the offending member separated from his substance. The "Doctor" placed him in the chair, and proceeded to apply the turn-key. He had not exerted his feeble strength many minutes before the antiquated instrument of torture slipped from the tooth with a crash, causing the patient to see more stars than are catalogued in any well-regulated astronomy. It was too much for Jack's philosophy: he drew off and let the doctor have "one" with such a will, that the unfortunate recipient of the "one" rolled over in the dust. But here shines out Quaker character in all its radiance: he arose and after having brushed the dirt from his clothes, and vented his malice in the expression, "Friend, thee is a very bad man!" proceeded to finish the operation. Poor Jack was so bewildered by such unexpected meekness, that he submitted to the turn-key very quietly, and utterly forgot to utter the accustomed howl upon the exit of the tooth.

There were two or three graceless apprentices in the shop, who used to worry the poor man almost to death. On one occasion, he had made an appointment with an uneducated person to meet him in his office on a certain day at a certain hour. It slipped the Doctor's mind, but not the apprentices', who resolved to play a practical joke on the man who was to call. The office was up-stairs, over the shop; and in an adjoining closet were several fine skeletons, surrounded by other medical horrors. The boys took one of these skeletons, placed it in the Doctor's chair by the table, with one of its fleshless hands upon the page of an open book, and tied a pair of goggles over its sightless eyes. Presently the man came in haste, fearing to be late, and was about to rush up-stairs, when one of the conspirators stopped him: "You had better not go up now," said he as gravely as a chief-mourner at a funeral; "the Doctor is engaged."

"I must see him, though; I came on business, by express appointment."

"Do you think the Doctor would like to be interrupted now, Jim?" said apprentice Number One.

"I don't know," said Jim.

But the man cut the matter short by rushing up the stairs. In a moment he came tumbling down, and bolted out of the door. The boys laughed at the joke, and took the skeleton away.

The next day the Doctor was standing in front of his shop, in a speculative mood, when he saw the same person approaching with whom he had made the engagement the day previous. Anxious to finish his business, the apothecary beckoned with his finger for the man to approach. Marks of consternation were depicted on the man's face; he surveyed the vender of drugs from head to foot, as if he had been a demon hot from the world below. Suddenly he broke forth with, "No, no; I know you, if you have got your clothes on; you don't get me into your old shop again!" And he fairly turned and ran away.

He thought that the skeleton he had seen the day before, was the Doctor, sitting in his study, denuded of his clothing.—*De Bow's Press.*

A SLANDERER OF NORTH CAROLINA.—Travelling on the cars from O——— to M———, not long since, in the night, we happened to get into the same box with an individual answering to the name of "Bat;" and his description of "Norf Kerlina," her manners and customs, gave the listener anything but a favorable impression of the tar and turpentine State, thus:—

"Why, gentlemen, a dog with a long tail in North Carolina would be as great a show as a nigger with three heads."

"Why so?" asked several.

"They cut 'em off to prevent them knocking off the huckleberries when they are chasing foxes and rabbits that run through the woods."

"Phew!" came from a listener.

"Fact, certain as rain; and you never see a man or boy there with buttons on his pants."

"What then?" asked one.

"Pegs," replied the ever imperturbable Bat. "Wear buttons all off climbing after persimmons."

"Go it, Bat," cheered an acquaintance.

"And I'll tell you another thing," he continued; "they have to bell the little niggers there just as we do calves."

"What for?"

"So their owners can tell which gopher hole they're in."

A general scream followed this—the engine squealed, and we all jumped off at M———.

A CHILD ON THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.—Mr. P.'s little daughter came running to her aunt one day, saying, "Aunt Kate, little Mattie has swallowed a button!" Being her terror, her aunt calmly replied, "Well, what good will that do her?" The child replied very obviously, "Not any good as I can see, unless she swallows a button hole!"

TIMOUR AND THE FOOL.

The inhabitants of Neapolis, hearing of the approach of the conqueror, prepared to defend themselves with vigor, but Nasur counselled them to do nothing of the sort, but to trust to him alone, and his mediation with Timour. The people were doubtful of his success, but they yielded. Before proceeding to the camp of the besieger, Nasur, who knew it was useless to approach the great chief without a present, considered what gift was likely to be most acceptable. He resolved it should be fruit, but he hesitated between figs and quinces. "I will consult with my wife," said Nasur ed Deen; and he accordingly did so. The lady advised him to take quinces, as the larger fruit. "Very good," said Nasur, "that being your opinion, I will take figs." When he reached the foot of the throne of Tamerlane, he announced himself as the ambassador from the beleagured citizens, and presented, as an offering of their homage, his trumpery basket of figs. The chief burst into a rage, and ordered them to be flung at the head of the representative of the people of Jengi-Schaher. The courtiers pelted him with right good will; and each time he was struck, Nasur, who stood patient and immoveable, gently exclaimed, "Now, Allah be praised!" or, "Oh, the Prophet be thanked!" or, "Oh, admirable! how can I be sufficiently grateful?" "What dost thou mean, fellow?" asked Timour; "we pelt you with figs, and you seem to enjoy it!" "Ay, truly, great sir," replied Nasur; "I gratefully enjoy the consequence of my own wit. My wife counselled me to bring quinces, but I chose to bring figs; and well that I did, for with figs you have only bruised me, but had I brought quinces, you would have beaten my brains out." The stern conqueror laughed aloud, and declared that, for the sake of one fool, he would spare all the asses in the city, male and female, them and their property. "Then," cried Nasur, "the entire population is safe!" and he ran homewards to communicate the joyful intelligence.—*Doran.*

CORRECTING A STATEMENT.—"In one of the South Western States, a short time since," writes a friend, "the Rev. Dr. Hanson was addressing a large congregation, and asking a contribution for the Missionary cause. He argued that every man should give according to his means, and to illustrate, he said:

"Now, there is Colonel Smith, with a hundred thousand dollars, and raising a hundred bales of cotton every year. He ought to give a hundred dollars, at least."

It so happened that there was a Colonel Smith in the house; and as soon as the sermon was finished and the collection begun, he arose and said he would give the one hundred dollars cheerfully, if the reverend gentleman would correct the statement about the cotton, as he didn't raise but half the amount mentioned.

VALUABLE RECEIPT.—Careful housekeepers should cut out and preserve the following invaluable receipt, contributed to household science by the Buffalo Republic:—

To Destroy Flies.—Get a four horse power engine. Put it in the back kitchen, run shafting in every room, connected with the engine aforesaid by belting. On the shafting place *fly* wheels, smear the wheels with molasses, and set the engine going. The flies being attracted by the molasses on the fly-wheels, will light on them, and the wheel revolving rapidly, they will be wheeled off. Have a boy under each wheel with a fist shingle, and let him smite them as they fall, and before they have time to recover from their dizziness. A smart boy has been known to kill as many as fifty a day.

BRUTES LOVE MEN MORE THAN WOMEN.—A writer in the Atlantic Monthly, for March, puts it thus:—

Kate, the other day, was asserting a wife's right to the control of her own property, and incidentally advocating the equality of the sexes—a touchy point with her. I put in—

"Tell me then, Kate, why animals form stronger attachments to men than women. Your dog, your parrot, and even your cat, already prefer me to you. How can you account for it, unless you allow there is more in us to respect and love."

"I account for it," said she, with a most decided nod, "by affinity. There is more affinity between you and brutes."

MULE VERSUS RAM.—Not long since, says a journal, our friend B———, of Mobile, was on a visit to Look-out Mountain, Georgia, and was much struck with the fact that a fine jet of water was thrown up above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Walking round the jet admiringly, he accosted a plain countryman with—

"My friend, is this water forced up by a ram?" meaning, of course, the hydraulic contrivance so named.

"A ram?" exclaimed the countryman.

"Yes, a ram, I say."

"What on airth—no, sir; it's a darn'd big *mule!* and tremendous hard work at that. Come here and I will show him to you."

A HIGH WIND.—The wind was blowing a gale. As I passed the corner of Winter and Tremont streets, I noticed a crowd looking upwards. I found my old friend, Mr. Brown, in the midst—all eyes were centered on his observations. At length a smart Yankee stepped up to him and asked—

"What is it, sir? What is it?"

"Nothing; oh, nothing, my friend—I was only looking to see *how high the wind is.*"—*Boston Post.*

JUDGMENT ON HERESY.—The Rev. Peter Sharp, of Michigan, was once a member of the Ohio Annual Conference. At one of their sittings a brother had been tried for heresy, and finally, the charges were considered proved, and he was duly convicted. The members sat silent, perhaps revolving in their own minds what punishment ought to be meted out to this erring brother, who did not understand the book just exactly as they did. At length the presiding bishop asked, "What will the conference do with the brother?" Up rose Peter Sharp, and, with great gravity, said, "I move that he be burned at the stake." The result was that the conference made the sentence as gentle as they possibly could.

"THE MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST."

So thinks Hezekiah Toogood—and therefore when there comes a hot day in July,—his pasture field having no shade in it—he takes his large family umbrella, and holds it above "old Brindle." The folks in his neighborhood therefore unanimously believe that Hezekiah is as good as he is lazy—which is saying a great deal.

Agricultural.

DEPTH FOR PLANTING CORN.

If corn is planted three inches deep, it will come up and grow thriftily for a while, until it is three or four inches high; then it will stand still ten days or a fortnight. If now, we examine the roots to ascertain the cause of this check upon the growth of the corn, we shall find that a joint has formed about an inch and a half above the kernel from which new roots have sprouted, and that the roots first formed below the kernel have rotted. While the process of changing roots is going on, the plant ceases to grow perceptibly above ground. The stalk and ears flourished as well after this change, as corn planted shallower, but there is a loss of about a fortnight in the growth and maturity of the plant. The lesson to be derived from the fact is, obviously, that to have *early* corn, it must not be planted more than an inch and a half deep.

It may interest some who are now engaged in planting Indian corn, to read the following record of experiments made by a careful observer:

No. 1 planted	1	inch deep,	came	up in	8½ days.
2	do	1½	do	do	9½ do
3	do	2	do	do	10 do
4	do	2½	do	do	11½ do
5	do	3	do	do	12 do
6	do	3½	do	do	13 do
7	do	4	do	do	13 do
8	do	5½	do	do	17½ do

No. 8 came up very weak, and died in a few days.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

HOW TO CUT ASPARAGUS.

There seems to be a considerable mistake usually committed in cutting asparagus for the table. Along with the plant, we have imported the English method of cutting beneath the surface of the ground, thus having the larger portion of the shoot nice, white, and apparently as tender as could be desired. Now every one knows that this nice white portion is really so tough that you might as well cook a mess of whalebone, with the anticipation that it would be eatable, as this blanched part of the asparagus stalk. In England, the case for some reason or other is different. There the white is tender, and the green part less so; here it is quite the reverse. In an early volume of the *Horticulturist*, a method of obtaining a large mass of tender asparagus top was proposed.—We have not tried it, but consider that it is worth trying. It was this: Take a pint glass bottle, invert it over a shoot when first breaking through the ground. In a short time the shoot will fill the bottle. The bottle must then be broken, and the asparagus cooked in the usual way. Cracked bottles, or those with the necks broken, will do, and are less expensive.

The young shoot of asparagus should be cut when from five to six inches above the surface of the soil, and there is no need of cutting it beneath the surface. When it rises much above six inches, the lower part becomes tough and woody. All persons can test this matter for themselves, by cutting the shoots at different heights and ages, then cooking them, and may taste at once the most palatable portions.—*Ohio Farmer.*

PEAR BLIGHTS.—The following, which we find in the Columbus Times and Sentinel, is a matter of no small interest to our horticultural friends, and to the public generally: "A disease or an insect too small for microscopic vision, is destroying many of our finest fruit trees and causing some alarm among the cultivators of orchards. For a long time, this disease or destroying insect was confined to a northern climate, but it is now transferred to a southern soil and threatens great destruction. The finest pear trees wither and die in a few days. We are informed by our friend, R. J. Moses, Esq., of this city, who has the finest orchards in the country on Esquiline Hill, that the symptoms of decay are first observed at the ends of the leaves, which soon turn black and the blossoms fade. Its progression is downward towards the roots. It is beyond doubt contagious, and spreads rapidly. The best remedy is to lop off the limbs of the trees, when its leaves are being tinctured with blackness or cut the tree down immediately and burn it, so as to destroy the insects."

TAFEU.

The following is the receipt to manufacture one cart load of Judge Hayward's Land Dressing, Worm and Insect Killer. Its cost is about one-quarter that of guano:

1. Take 12 bushels common muck.
2. Take 12 bushels stable manure, well rotted, or 25 bushels of muck out of the hog-sty, put in a pile in a convenient place.
3. Place on the above half a barrel of lime, saving out one or two pieces as big as a quart bowl; dissolve half a bushel of salt, and slack the lime with the brine.
4. Add 3 bushels of hen manure, or 50 lbs. of guano.
5. 1½ barrels of unslacked ashes.
6. ½ bushel pulverized charcoal, or 25 lbs. ground plaster.
7. 5 lbs. copperas.
8. 5 lbs. ground sulphur.
9. Add 1 barrel of chamber-ley, when mixing the above well together.
10. Dig a hole in the middle of the pile, put in the reserved chunks of unslacked lime, turn on some water and cover up. Let it lie four days, then mix well, and it is fit for use.

Directions for Using.—For corn or potatoes, put in the hill before covering, ½ pint, and before hoeing the second time, put ½ a pint on the hill. For grass or grain, sow as you would plaster or ashes, about two cart loads of thirty bushels each to the acre. For using on onions, sow and harrow in.

JUDGE HAYWARD, Proprietor.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

I. When planting potatoes use plaster. It prevents the rot to a great extent. Do not use barn-yard manure for this crop, as its presence tends to generate decay. Ashes leached or unleached are good and may be employed advantageously.

II. If your plum blossoms are not killed by the late frosts, adopt some means by which you can obtain a crop of plums, by killing or driving off the curculio. Spreading sheets under the trees and then jarring the trunks with a padded mallet, when the curculios will fall upon the sheet, and should be immediately gathered and burnt—is an old method. A writer in the Rural New Yorker recommends frequent fumigating with burning sulphur or tobacco as a means of chasing away the insect. A long wooden handle should be attached to the dish containing the sulphur, as its fumes would otherwise suffocate the operator.

III. In setting hens select eggs from your best fowls. If you have no really good ones obtain some. It is as easy to raise good fowls both for laying and the table, as poor ones. Large eggs are much better than small ones, and may be had at the same cost.

IV. Save all your hen manure. It is as valuable as guano for nearly all purposes, and can be had for nothing. None of this valuable article should be wasted. Mixed with ashes and plaster it does well on corn.—*Ohio Farmer.*

TREATING TIMBER TO MAKE IT DURABLE.—I am not aware that the following is generally known, at all events it is not practiced in this locality. In Germany it is known and practiced extensively. The matter is this:—Hard wood, such as hickory, beach, dogwood, &c., is impregnated with the liquid of stable manure, and afterwards submitted to the influence of heat, and thoroughly dried, for the purpose of imparting to it good preservative qualities and rendering it tough and solid.

Wood intended for axe-handles, mallets, &c., is steeped in this liquid for several days, and afterwards hung up over a fire and exposed to the influence of heat arising therefrom; two or three days are sufficient to render it thoroughly dry. It is then said to possess greater toughness and solidity than when subjected to any other process.

The farmers of Germany use mallets made of hard wood, which is prepared as above, for the purpose of driving iron wedges to split their timber; the wedges are usually made with a head about two inches or two and a half, and the mallet suffers no indentation from percussion.

If the process imparts to the wood such qualities spoken of, the knowledge of the fact may be interesting and profitable. It is certainly a simple and convenient process, and some one may be disposed to test it, and compare its effects with those obtained by other methods.—*Indiana Farmer.*

WASHING HORSES.—In regard to the care of horses, Sir George Stephen says:—"Whenever it is necessary to wash a horse's legs, do it in the morning. Most grooms act on a different principle—wash them as soon as the animal comes in. I am satisfied this is a bad practice. When the roads are dirty, and the weather wet, and the legs are already soaked, washing can do no harm; but to deluge the legs with water the moment a horse enters the yard, heated with exercise, is to my mind as unnatural and absurd as to jump into a shower bath after playing an hour at cricket. My plan is a rubbing down with straw and a dry brush, and the next morning wash as clean as soap and water can make them. Pick and wash the soles as soon as a horse comes in."

Useful Receipts.

MOTHS IN CARPETS.—An experienced housekeeper writes: "Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths after they have commenced eating. Then they pay no regard to the presence of camphor, cedar or tobacco—in fact I rather think they enjoy the latter, if anything else than humanity can. Nor will the dreaded and inconvenient taking up and beating always insure success, for I tried it faithfully, and while nailing it down found several of the worms 'alive and kicking,' that had remained under the pile unharmed. I conquered them wholly in this way: I took a coarse crash towel and wrung it out of clean water and spread it smoothly on the carpet, then ironed it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used. It does not injure the pile or color of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press, heat and steam being the agents; and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. Then the camphor will doubtless prevent future depredation of the miller."

TO REMOVE LAMP OIL FROM COTTON AND WOOLEN GOODS.—Rub in thoroughly with the hand some clean, fresh lard, let it remain for two or three hours, then apply soft soap, and wash in warm water. This can be depended on.—*N. E. Farmer.*

TO REMOVE MARKS FROM TABLES.—Hot dishes sometimes leave whitish marks on varnished tables when set, as they should not be, carelessly upon them. To remove it, pour some lamp oil on the spot, and rub it hard with a soft cloth. Then pour on a little spirits, and rub it dry with another cloth, and the white mark will disappear, leaving the table as bright as before.

FOUNDER.—Sunflower seeds are said to be the best known remedy for founder in horses. As soon as it is ascertained he is foundered, mix one pint of the seed whole with the feed, and an entire cure may be effected.—*Porter's Spirit of the Times.*

STAINS IN THE COATS OF WHITE HORSES.—A ready, easy and effectual mode of removing stains from white horses is, in washing the part with soap and water, to touch the part with the washerwoman's "blue-bag."—*London Field.*

CHEAP AND POWERFUL DISINFECTING AGENTS.—For the cesspool, now that the warm weather is at hand, you will find either of the following disinfectants sufficient to remove the offensive smells of which you complain as having annoyed you and your family last summer. It is really a wonder to us, in view of the trifling cost of some of the most powerful disinfectants, that residents in our large cities will suffer so much inconvenience, and often sickness—as too many do—when the causes can be so readily and cheaply removed. Either of the following will fully answer your purpose: 1. One pint of the "liquor of chloride of zinc," in one pailful of water, and one pound of chloride of lime in another pailful of water. This is, perhaps, the most effective, theoretically and practically, of anything that can be used, and when thrown into privy vaults, cesspools, or upon decaying matter of any description, will effectually destroy all offensive odors. The cost of these substances is 33 cents. 2. One pound of sulphate of zinc, and one pound of lime, dissolved separately, each in a pailful of water. This is not as effectual as the preceding, but will answer a very good purpose. Will cost twenty cents. 3. Three or four pounds of sulphate of iron, (copperas,) dissolved in one pailful of hot water, will, in most cases, be sufficient to remove all offensive odors from privy vaults, cesspools, &c. Cost, three or four cents per pound. 4. One peck of charcoal dust, thrown into a privy vault once a week will answer every purpose. 5. Chloride of lime, costing eight cents per pound, is best to scatter about damp places, in yards, in damp cellars, and upon heaps of filth. 6. Take two ounces of sugar of lead, and dissolve it in one pailful of water, and add two ounces of nitric acid (aquafortis.) This forms nitrate of lead, which is a good disinfectant, particularly for offensive sink-spouts and the like. The cost is very small.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

A CLEAN SHIRT.—Among the nations of Europe the English are famous for their habits of personal cleanliness. The "daily clean shirt" has been sometimes claimed as an English invention. But even if this claim cannot be maintained, there is good evidence of the habit at an early date. Dr. Lister, who travelled in France in 1698, and whose travels were published in the succeeding year, after discussing the subject of bathing, adds as follows:

"But in my mind, *a fair linen shirt every day* is as great a preservative to neatness and cleanliness of skin and health as daily bathing was to the Romans."—*Lister's Journey to Paris*, p. 33.

In those days it was "a fair *linen* shirt every day." Cotton was not yet "king!"

ENGLISH CHAMPAGNE.—In the good old town of Bury St. Edmunds, where the monks once had their vineyards, recent visitors have tasted champagne made from the Epernay grape, of a quality and flavor which would take any connoisseur by surprise. These grapes are grown upon a sunny slope contiguous to a timber-yard, and on a high wall behind were clusters of Frontignac grapes of marvellous size and sweetness, from which also excellent wine is made. The same enterprising horticulturist who produced these, has also grown and brought to perfection the Oporto and other foreign grapes, in spite of the much-abused English climate.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 1, 18, 25, 17, 7, is a cape in Europe.
My 2, 6, 26, 17, 25, 13, 8, is a division of Europe.
My 3, 2, 7, 5, 25, 8, is a desert.
My 4, 11, 5, 13, 20, is a country in Europe.
My 5, 8, 11, 4, is a range of mountains.
My 6, 1, 13, 18, 14, is a county town in Missouri.
My 7, 16, 1, 10, 18, 11, 21, 20, is a cape in the United States.
My 8, 17, 9, 2, 20, 17, 13, 15, is an ocean.
My 9, 2, 12, 10, 5, 17, 8, is a division of South America.
My 10, 2, 6, 19, 3, is a river in Asia.
My 11, 16, 12, 20, 13, 8, is a part of Asia.
My 12, 6, 3, 26, 13, 2, is a country in Europe.
My 13, 18, 22, 5, is one of the United States.
My 14, 16, 22, 17, 18, 14, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 15, 18, 9, 18, 14, 23, is a part of Africa.
My 16, 25, 13, 16, is a lake in North America.
My 17, 5, 12, 17, 2, 13, 23, is a channel in Asia.
My 18, 7, 13, 18, is one of the United States.
My 19, 18, 25, 22, 5, 23, is a division of Europe.
My 20, 2, 17, 15, 7, 21, 22, is a town in Mississippi.
My 21, 17, 7, 18, 11, 13, 5, is a part of Africa.
My 22, 7, 13, 17, 21, is a sea in Europe.
My 23, 3, 11, 6, 1, is a cluster of islands.
My 24, 6, 12, 18, 21, 16, is a grand division of the earth.
My 25, 18, 23, 2, 9, 17, 18, 20, is a town in Indiana.
My 26, 8, 1, 23, 6, 2, 20, is a town in California.
My 27, 8, 3, 17, 18, 1, is a town in Maryland.
My 28, 16, 19, 21, 26, 24, 18, is a river in Asia.
My whole is an institution of learning in the Middle States. S. T.
Princeton.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 2, 25, 4, 13, 21, 10, 3, 29, 17, was a goddess of corn.
My 1, 18, 3, 7, 14, 26, 5, 11, was a name of Minerva.
My 6, 19, 8, 9, 25, 14, was one of the three Gorgons.
My 15, 16, 14, 18, 22, was the goddess of flowers.
My 23, 14, 18, 6, was the goddess of death.
My 24, 18, 3, 29, 21, 12, was a priest of Apollo.
My 12, 27, 16, 29, 30, 25, 18, was a Grecian whose voice is reported to have been as strong and as loud as the voices of fifty men together.
My 20, 25, 18, 27, 28, 30, 4, 21, 12, was a name of Venus.
My whole was the last words of one of the Presidents of the United States. GAHMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 8, 9, is a pronoun.
My 18, 3, 12, is a numeral adjective.
My 17, 2, 5, 10, should be read in every family.
My 11, 4, 3, is a domestic bird.
My 6, 18, 3, is a weight.
My 7, 14, 19, 19, is what noisy people do.
My 13, 14, 16, is what gamblers do.
My 15, 8, 3, is what we all do.
My 20, 21, 12, is very acceptable in summer.
My 3, 4, 19, 19, 22, 13, 22, is a favorite song.
My whole is an old and truthful proverb. PEGGY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the changing clouds my *first* is seen,
In the village church and prisoner's chain;
Without my *second* ther'd be no hours,
And it helps to form the lofty towers.

My *third's* in the minarets towering high,
And I can assure you 'tis not in my eye;
My *fifth* is in travel, my *fourth* is in green,
And they say my *whole* in the skies is seen.
Champlain, N. Y. J. M. B., Jr.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the surname of a celebrated female writer.
My second is a conjunction.
My third is an interjection.
My fourth is an adverb.
My fifth is a preposition.
My sixth is an interjection.
My whole is an island on the coast of Brazil.
D. F. C. W.

ANAGRAMS

On Capes and Points on the Coast of the U. S.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Come in Don.	We heal four T.
Ar a lamb.	Yer grog.
Shel Car.	Fly at 'or T.
If we are thar.	Sold 'er eyes.
O! egg rest.	Bales.
Philadelphia.	SNOW DROP.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a piece of mantling whose length is 30 feet, its thickness at the longest or heaviest end is 24 by 20 inches, and at the smallest or lightest end it is 16 by 8 inches. Required the solid contents of said mantling in board measure. D. D.
Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the fire and faggot better than the guillotine? Ans.—Because a hot stake (steak) is better than a cold chop.

☞ When is a hen most likely to hatch? Ans.—When she is in earnest, (her nest.)

☞ What kind of sweetmeats were most prevalent in Noah's Ark? Ans.—Preserved pairs.

☞ What extraordinary animal production may be procured in the Isle of Wight? Ans.—Mutton from *Cowes*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

DOUBLE ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—We have met the enemy and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop. *Acrostically*—Commodore Oliver Perry. *Finally*—William Henry Harrison. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. CHARADE—Saturday Evening Post. CHARADE—Illinois (Ill-I-Noise.) CHARADE—Carrot. ANAGRAMS—New Market, Howard, Montgomery, Lisbon, Alberton, Cooksville, Somerset, Westminster. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—A got $50.50; B $45.00; and C $25.10.

☞ There are two kinds of envy. In the base mind it degenerates into downright hatred of a superior, with a desire to deprive him of what the envious one cannot possess; while in a noble soul it goes no farther than emulation, or a desire to equal or surpass the person in question. How subtle and almost imperceptible the difference between the seed of one's virtues and vices!